



Study by Weston and Mather

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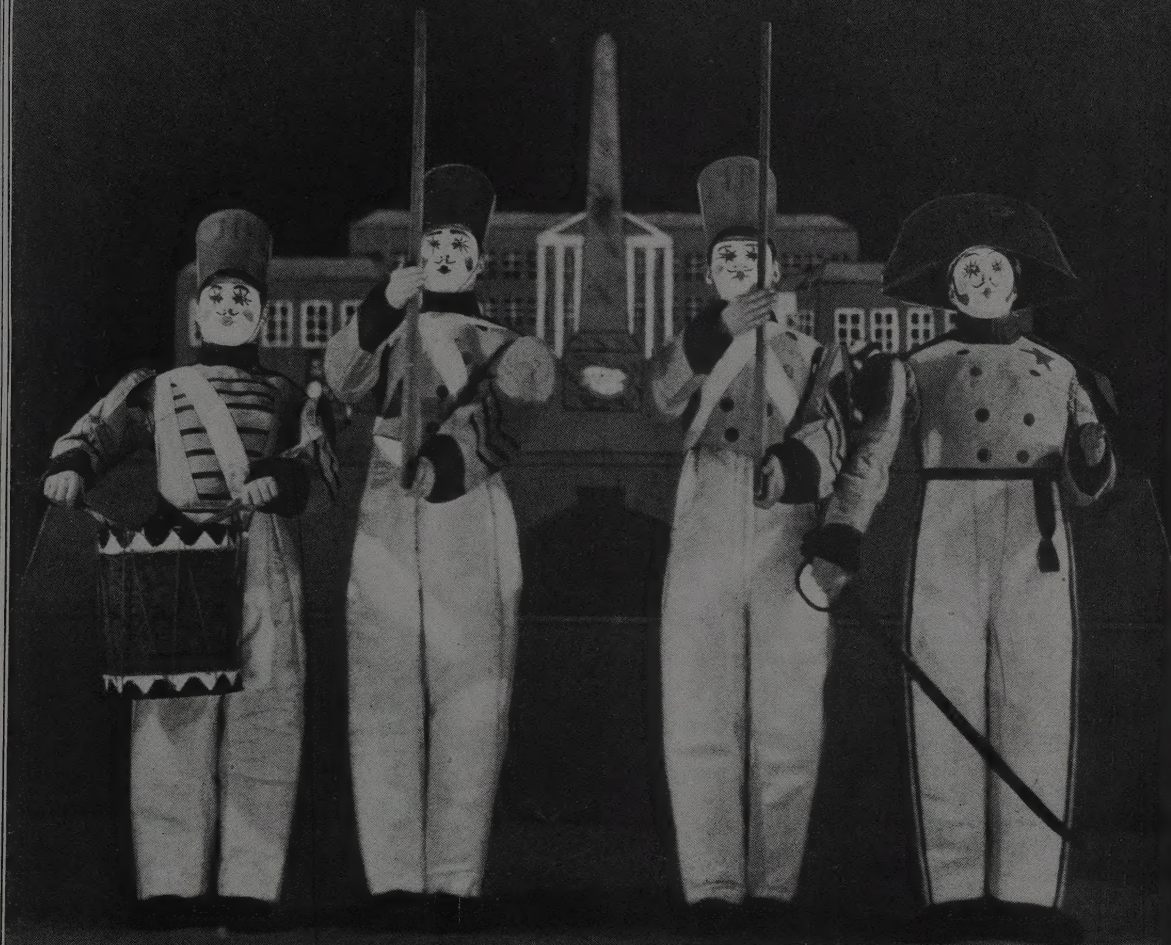


Photo Goldberg

Parade of the Astonishing Wooden Soldiers — a Hit of Balieff's "Chauve Souris"

# THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



## Editorial

### *Shall Foreign Actors Be Barred?*

THE reported plan to bar foreign actors from America—a plan said to have the approval of the Actors' Equity Association and Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor—is almost too absurd to call for serious discussion. If successful, such a move would reduce our theatre to about the same level of intelligence and sanity as displayed by certain legislators who seek to forbid the teaching of the Darwin evolution theory in the public schools of their state, and the empty vaporings of Zion City's prophet who, after careful investigation, has reached the conclusion that the earth is flat, and the sky a fixed dome with the sun, moon and stars fastened to it like chandeliers in a drawing-room.

The agitation against the foreign player is nothing new. It is unjust, argues the native-born thespian, that American managers should go to London for their actors when American actors are walking up and down Broadway looking for jobs.

Any attempt to bar the foreign actor—be he English, French or Rooshian—is, of course, preposterous. It is not to be thought of, and, if persisted in and carried into effect, would deservedly make us the laughing stock of the world. For, if you begin with the actor, all foreign stage artists would also have to be included. It would mean the closing of the Metropolitan Opera House and the paralysis of the entire concert world. As Mr. Gilbert Miller says in the *New York Times*:

"We have to be international in the theatre as well as in the other arts. Take the case of 'The Czarina,' for example—you cannot convey an eighteenth century atmosphere with Broadway voices. The Broadway actor, generally speaking, has not trained himself vocally. And, assuming that foreign players were to be barred, where would such a movement stop? Would the producers of the Russian ballet be called upon to eject the Russians from the company and employ only Americans? It is claimed, among other things, that English actors may be obtained more cheaply than Americans. My experience, when I have sought to bring English actors to this country, has been just the opposite. They know that they would not be sought after if the emergency were not great, and in these circumstances they ask higher salaries and, generally, guarantees of a certain number of weeks."

If our actors find themselves handicapped by the competition of the foreign actor, they have an easy remedy. They have only to train themselves in their art so carefully and so thoroughly that they will be able to prove the equal—if not the superior—of the actors from London, Paris, Berlin. That lack of training is the chief difficulty, especially when it comes to staging plays the scenes of which are laid in foreign countries. Many of our actors are, as yet, too deficient in the necessary technique and finesse—for instance, in speech, dress and manner—to impersonate successfully Russian grand dukes, Spanish grandees, Parisian *flâneurs* or Picadilly swells. It is all a matter of breeding and early associations. When all our actors learn how to dress properly, how to wear a dinner coat, how to behave in a drawing-room, how to move about and speak correctly—then, and not before—shall we be in a position to compete with the foreign player who, it must not be forgotten—for it is the key to the whole problem—usually comes of good, cultured stock, whereas many of our mummies, judging by some recent performances, "just grewed," as Topsy says.

How many of our actors fit themselves for the beautiful and exacting art whose servants they profess to be? Have they taken lessons in deportment, so they will know how to walk on the stage, or lessons in diction, so they may speak distinctly and

correctly? Do they steep themselves *con amore* in the literature of the theatre, in Shakespeare and other stage classics? How many of them are familiar, even by name, with Lewes' "On Actors and the Art of Acting," or Talma's "Reflections on the Actor's Art," or Diderot's "Paradox of the Comedian"? The ambitious, studious, hardworking young players are, no doubt, acquainted with their text books—and those you'll find in the van tomorrow, if not today, wherever they may be. But the rank and file of our actors—those found most strenuously objecting to the foreign actor being permitted to follow his art here—they are as indifferent to the art and literature of their profession as a blind man is to a winter sunset. The average actor today is more interested in the stock market than in books that teach the fundamentals of his calling.

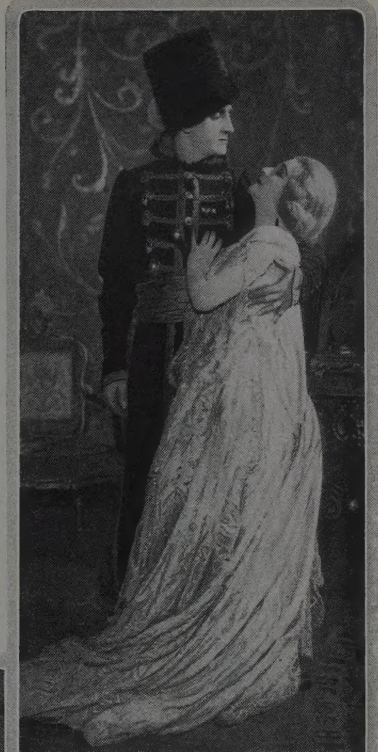
How different with the young foreign player—especially the continental actor. With him, his art is almost a religion, something to be approached with awe and reverence. He goes through a long training and apprenticeship before he is permitted to try his histrionic wings in public. First, he must prove to the satisfaction of competent judges—themselves veteran actors of distinction—that he really has talent, before he is allowed even to think of becoming an actor. Having passed this preliminary test, he or she is admitted within the sacred precincts of the Conservatoire. The Conservatoire! What an inspiration in the very name to those who understand. A paternal Government preserves the traditions in music, painting, sculpture, singing, acting, and the youth of France goes to this temple as on a pilgrimage to drink in art at its source.

Is it such artists as these that we would bar from our shores? Should we not, on the contrary, welcome foreign artists with open arms, invite them to come in numbers by every inducement possible, so that our own native art, as yet crude and unformed, may be strengthened and improved? It is only by example, by seeing the best, and having to strive in competition with the best, that our own art can be matured and perfected. If American actors of earlier days had been foolish enough to insist on such a measure of exclusion, what a loss it would have meant for our stage! We should not today count Joseph Jefferson among the most famous and most honored of American players. Edwin Booth would not have been born here. Our native stage would not have been enriched by the genius of the Hollands, the Drews, the Wallacks, the Sothorns, the Barrymores, the Coghlands, and other celebrated theatrical families whose fame today is identified with the splendor of the American theatre. Dion Boucicault would have been a stranger to us, and we should have known only by name such world-famed artists as the Keans, Fanny Kemble, John Brougham, William Evans Burton, Fechter, Jenny Lind, Patti, Fanny Davenport, Richard Mansfield, Salvini, Henry Irving, Forbes-Robertson, Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, De Reszke, Sembrich, Caruso.

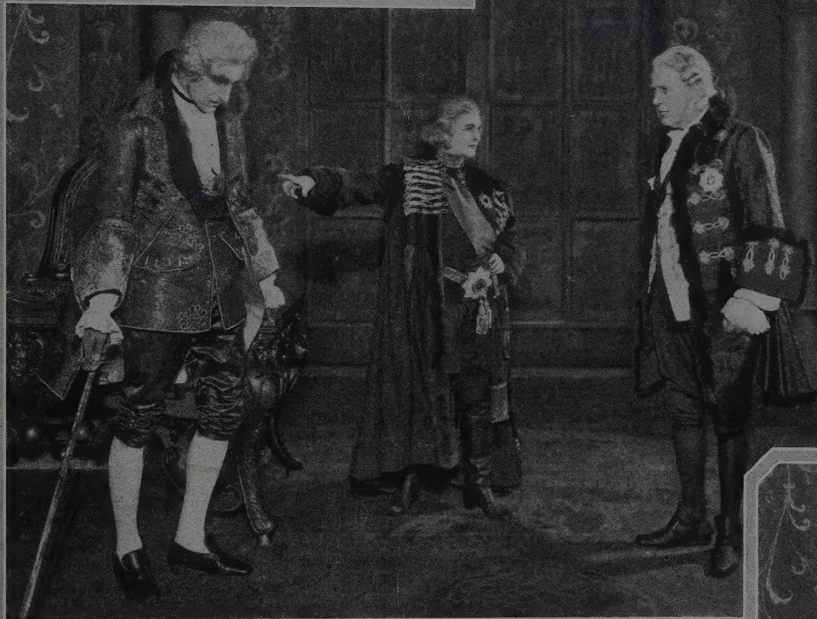
So absurd is the proposed measure that one is astounded to find supposedly sane persons sponsoring it. Are not many of the council of the Actors' Equity Association themselves foreigners? Pedro De Cordoba is Spanish. George Arliss, Bruce McRae, Norman Trevor, and Edith Wynne Matthison are Britishers. Do these foreign players, apparently so ready to repudiate their own kinsfolk, wish themselves to be included in the ban of exclusion, or are they willing that it should be done only to the other fellow?



Act I. Count Alexei (Basil Rathbone) swears to defend the Czarina (Doris Keane) with his life



Act II. Alexei wishes to discuss politics, but the Czarina prefers to talk love



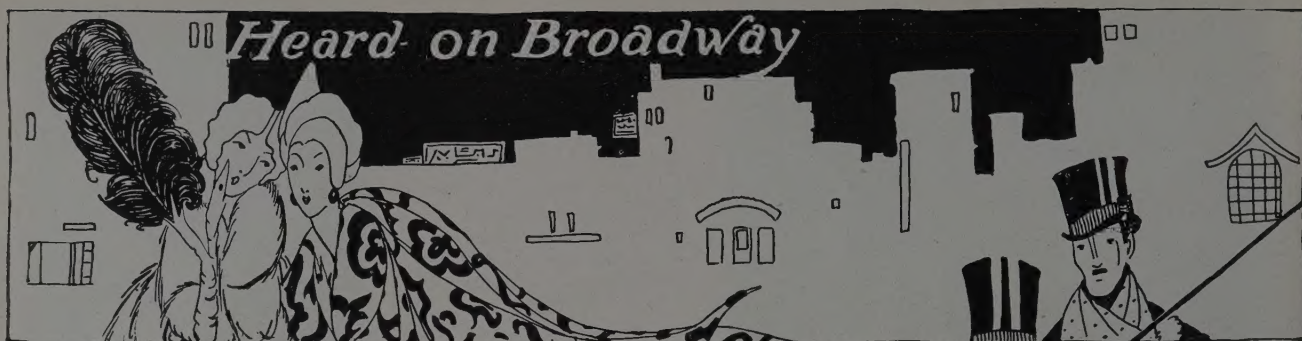
Photos White

Act III. Disgraced by the Czarina, who is now tired of her plaything, Alexei realizes he has been only the Empress' toy

Act IV. The new French ambassador is also good-looking—quite as fascinating as the unfortunate Alexei—as the Czarina notes at the ambassador's first audience



DORIS KEANE AS CATHERINE OF RUSSIA



**M**R. BELASCO had the last laugh on all the critics, professional and unprofessional, who accused him of giving a sugary and conventional ending to "Kiki" by having that fascinating young person remark that she was "a good girl." André Picard, the French author, would never have done such a thing in the original version, said the critics. But the more they criticised, the more Mr. Belasco smiled, and it was the same sort of smile that must have been on the face of the tiger when he returned with the young lady from Niger. For the truth of the matter was that M. Picard had written the ending that "Kiki" practically as Mr. Belasco produced the play, except that he was even more emphatic. In the original French, the line was "Je suis vierge" (I am a virgin) the spirit of which the French dramatist was most anxious to preserve. Of course, the Parisian audience snickered when they heard Kiki make that demure assertion the night of the premiere. That was probably because they didn't believe she was telling the truth, not because of the author's line. In discussing the episode recently, Mr. Belasco said that in making the English adaptation of M. Picard's play he had added several original incidents which were highly praised by the critics. "I was blamed for what M. Picard had done and the French author got the praise for my share of the work," said Mr. Belasco amusedly. Which goes to prove that the last laugh is always the best.

**T**HERE has been much interest along Broadway in Mr. Tyler's efforts to make a star out of that charming little actress, Helen Hayes. In "Dear Brutus" she gave a remarkable performance as the dream child, and in flapper parts, such as she played in "Clarence" and "Bab," she acquitted herself admirably, but has she yet proved that she possesses the plumage of a full-fledged star? She is unusually gifted for so young an actress and undoubtedly has a brilliant future ahead of her, but she is still in the flapper stage and premature efforts to force her theatrical growth are likely to retard rather than accelerate her artistic development.

**A**LTHOUGH Apollo is, of course, the god of music, Janus must be the patron deity of grand opera, for his double face typifies double dealing. From time to time, sometimes at frequent intervals, the general public hears through the daily newspapers of personal discords in marked con-

trast to the impersonal harmonies supposed to reign in the gilded cages inhabited by high-priced songbirds. Singers who in public warble of love and devotion, in private shriek of hatred and revenge. Not only may Romeo and Juliet despise each other, they may also despise Faust and Marguerite, and be despised in return. Carmen may wish that Don José might actually be mangled in the bull-ring, and Scarpia may long for Tosca to undergo genuine torture. In short, the most suitable selection for these overwrought individuals would be the mad scene from "Lucia." One who has seen some of the inner workings of a great Temple of Music has been appalled at the constant exhibitions of jealousy and malevolence. Janus-faced and Janus-hearted, everybody mistrusts everybody else, and with apparent reason, although managing directors and press representatives may say "Peace! Peace!" where there is no peace. Perhaps that is why one cynical member of the singing fraternity has referred to a repertoire including "The Barber of Seville," "My Damn Butterfly" and "Pigliacci."

**S**OCIETY is, of course, interested in the drama, but is especially devoted to grand opera, because the latter class of entertainment is more expensive to produce and more expensive to attend, so that prestige is associated with a parterre box or even season tickets. Year after year during the music months certain persons are on hand every Monday or every Friday, as the case may be, some regularly attending three performances each week, although they may not know a note of music and may prefer jazz-bands, if the truth be told. Therefore, although such persons, and there are many of them, may be sick and tired of the songs, they may manifest interest in the singers, especially if these singers are sufficiently advertised. Men and women of fashion are always intrigued by the marriages and divorces of the tenors and sopranos, and, when it comes to engagements and dismissals, excitement verges on frenzy. Patriotism also enters into the matter, for even though "smart" Americans may like to rub shoulders with foreign aristocrats, they are, nonetheless, proud of their American ancestry, which in the case of the majority of the box-holders dates back for several generations, so although sides may be taken, the consensus of opinion remains in favor of American singers of recognized merit rather than alien importations with sympathetic sponsors.

**A** WHILE ago I referred to a visit to the old Bowery Theatre, the scene of many memorable performances in the days when real actors trod the boards. Since then I have also revisited three other old theatres, all, oddly enough, on Fourteenth Street, and including the Fourteenth Street Theatre, now devoted to Italian vaudeville, the Academy of Music, now devoted to moving pictures, and the Olympic, now devoted to burlesque shows, but in a former day, when known as Tony Pastor's, the preparatory school of many men and women destined for fame and fortune. There is assuredly a mystic charm in these old houses, despite the change in their fortunes and the lowering of their standards. In actual age they are, of course, not to be compared with such historic houses as Drury Lane and Covent Garden, in London, or La Scala in Milan. While in Milan I once had the pleasure and privilege of being taken back stage, with a peep at the dressingrooms, and the many reminders of bygone days and singers of the past produced an ineffaceable impression.

**P**LAYERS classify themselves as "quick studies" or "slow studies," some who have been on the stage for many years still having difficulty in memorizing their lines during the rehearsal periods, while others manifest an almost uncanny aptitude for remembering speeches. Doris Keane, who made her stage debut in New York in 1903 and appeared in a new play this season after having acted in "Romance" almost continuously since she first presented the piece in 1913, has not had much chance to prove her versatility of recent years, but in 1906, when she filled an engagement in a stock company in St. Paul, Minnesota, she established a reputation as a "quick study" always letter perfect, although the bill was changed each week. Without a doubt the most amazing claim in this direction ever made by a player was that of the celebrated Master Betty, who was born in England in 1791, and from earliest childhood learned and recited dramatic verse. Witnessing a performance by the incomparable Mrs. Siddons, he determined to become an actor, and when only twelve years old appeared in Belfast as Douglas, Rolla and Romeo, all leading rôles. Attracting attention, he appeared a few months later at Covent Garden in London, creating such a sensation that the troops had to be called out to control the throngs about the theatre. He added to his repertoire, received unprecedented re-



Alfred Cheney Johnston

#### GILDA GRAY AS THE HULA HULA GIRL

A novel feature of New York night life is the all-night cabaret, where from, 2 to 6 A. M., scantily clad maidens fling themselves wildly about in South Sea Island dances, to the accompaniment of green lights, weird barbaric music and the clinking of glasses which may, or may not, contain innocuous orange juice. *Première danseuse* at one of these resorts,

Gilda Gray carries the art of exotic dancing to the nth degree

muneration, and acquired royal patronage. He always insisted that he had memorized the entire rôle of Hamlet at a single reading, and, being regarded as an "infant prodigy," this assertion was not regarded as preposterous. That is, not by his contemporaries.

GEORGE M. COHAN, after saying his adieux to Broadway, is once more giving his regards to that famous thoroughfare and is waving the American flag again with all his oldtime vigor. Mr. Cohan shook the dust of the U. S. A. from his nimble feet last fall and hied him to England, where it was reported he was planning to become an active London producer and show the staid Britishers what Yankee pep could accomplish in the theatre. Other rumors had it that Mr. Cohan was going to retire permanently from the theatrical game and would produce no more plays. However, it seemed rather paradoxical that such a self-confessed American as Mr. Cohan should desert his native land to go and live among British chappies. Whether London tired of too much Yankee Doodle pep, or Mr. Cohan became bored by British indifference is not known, but at any rate he suddenly decided that more than forty-five minutes from Broadway was much too much, and now he is back at work in his familiar purlieu, planning new productions and generating energy like a power plant. With Mr. Cohan, his drawl and his flag once more "in our midst," Broadway is indeed itself again.

I NOTICED Sam Bernard talking to a group of men in that theatre-lighted stretch along Forty-fifth Street, west of Broadway, one evening a little while ago. Nothing extraordinary in that, of course. But—where did Bernard learn the secret of perpetual youth? So far as a mere passer-by could determine, he looked just about the same as he did thirty years ago.

TALKING about the way actors defy the years, there is E. H. Sothern. True, he does not look very young in the street. He is a plump, comfortable-looking citizen, with gray hair and the general appearance of one well on in his fifties as you see him in the cold daylight. But, made up as Romeo, he has the slim figure and adolescent grace of the lad of nineteen he is supposed to be, and you don't wonder at Juliet's infatuation. As Hamlet and in other rôles where youthfulness is essential, he is still the boyish chap he was when the old Lyceum was at its apogee. By the way, the report comes to Broadway that Sothern and Marlowe have been "packing the houses and knocking them out of their seats" in the West during the winter.

A WELL-KNOWN actor looked up from his paper as he sat in the lobby of the Hotel Astor, to speak to an acquaintance. He was full of something he had just been reading: "I see they have been giving a moving picture show to condemned men in Sing Sing, ostensibly to take their minds off their fate. Good Lord! And yet some films I've seen might conceivably make a man willing to die rather than see

any more of them. But that isn't what I was going to say. I've taken part in theatrical performances in prisons, and it has always struck me as remarkable how men with many years of close confinement before them can enjoy a play. They will show a deep, yet detached, interest in sorrowful and tense dramatic episodes, which you'd rather wonder at, considering how drab is their own existence in a penitentiary. But it is the comic scenes that get them. I never heard more spontaneous, evidently sincere laughter than comes from such audiences—and, do you know, the 'lifers' are the prisoners who laugh the loudest and heartiest. You'd think, to hear them, they hadn't a care in the world. And the more 'slapstick' the humor is, the better they seem to like it. Playing in a prison rather gives an actor the feeling that he is better than he generally believes, for everything seems to please those poor fellows. It is in an asylum for the insane you have to look out. I've played them, too, and they are harder critics there than the 'Death Watch' at a Broadway first night."

THE talk had turned on Robert Mantell—begun by someone observing that a niece of Hall Caine's had been engaged for his company—and an old "legit" remarked that Mantell always preferred to take a curtain call in his own person as Mantell, rather than in character. "I saw him do it once in Syracuse, and it startled me," he continued. "The bill was 'The Merchant of Venice,' and in the Mantell version there is a long act after the courtroom scene in which Shylock makes his final exit. At the end of the play there were loud calls for Mantell, although he had not been on in the last act at all. But he had been busy nevertheless, for he was in his street clothes when at last he smilingly answered the call. Imagine it! We had seen him not half an hour before as Shylock, with long shaggy beard, a wrinkled face, gray hair, and dressed in the shabby old gaberdine of the character. Now, when he stepped forth, he was in a rather loud light suit, which looked painfully new, a gay necktie, clean-shaved, debonair and youthful, and standing up in a pair of the yellowest tan shoes I ever saw, either on or off the stage. Damn those shoes! They haunt me. I wonder what Shylock would have thought of them."

SOMETIMES a stage director may know the tricks of the trade, so far as entrances and exits are concerned, crossings and bits of "business," but will spoil the effect of all this manoeuvring by permitting the players to suit themselves in regard to the pronunciation of words. Names of places may be pronounced differently by each player in the piece, and, when it comes to foreign terms, chaos frequently reigns. In plays supposed to take place in France, "mademoiselle" has been varied with "madamerzell," "manzell," and "mammerzell," while in plays supposed to take place in Spain "senn-ora," "senn-yora," "say-nora," "sayn-yora," and "senna-yora" have contested the honors. Actors are supposed to have some education, while directors set themselves up as genuine authorities, so

are not to be classed with the frequenters of picture shows who have been known to express opinions concerning the merits or demerits of "K'meel," "Camilly" and even "Camel," to say nothing of "Les Mizzerables."

AN excellent form of propaganda fostered by the Actors' Equity Association is concerned with the betterment of the condition of the performers. Legal means are being sought for the standardization of conditions back stage where the performer must pass a goodly portion of his existence, at least eight times a week and in vaudeville fourteen times. In various theatres, even where high-priced artists are on view the sanitary conditions are incredibly bad, while many playhouses provide suitable accommodation for the star and leading members of the company, leaving others to occupy cubbyholes under the stage or tiny rooms up flights of rickety stairs, the present writer having seen one dressingroom which could only be reached by ascending a ladder, and this in a theatre used for first-class productions!

WHILE Elsie de Wolfe was still an actress she designed some of the sets for the productions in which she appeared, and since devoting herself to interior decoration she has occasionally arranged scenes in plays. At one time, when doors were made of canvas and bookcases and windows were painted on the drops, the public had not been educated beyond such absurdities. So did not regard them as mirth-provoking. But, even though acting may not have improved, stage decoration certainly has, and perhaps spurred on by the artistic endeavors in this direction of the late Sir Henry Irving and the surviving David Belasco, many professional interior decorators have turned to stage embellishments. Thus Baron de Vaux and Baron de Meyer have designed charming sets and Karl Freund, another New York decorator, has followed suit.

LOOKING over old photographs of actresses, one is amused quite as much by the old-fashioned trinkets as by the outmoded costumes. Basques and bustles seem no more fantastic than jeweled daggers, sunbursts, flowers or beetles. There is a certain actress who keeps abreast of the times in regard to her diamonds and pearls as well as in regard to her silks and satins, and although the frocks may be discarded, the jewels are reset. Thus the horseshoes and bowknots of a few years ago become the arabesques of the present season, and one looks in vain for the hearts and crescents that once adorned the corsage of the lady in question. When the late Caroline Miskel, wife of the late Charles H. Hoyt, and the star in various plays by her clever husband, adorned herself with five diamond sunbursts arranged in a straight line from her right shoulder to her left hip, the audiences of the 80's deemed the display in the best of taste. Nowadays Florence Walton wears flexible bracelets of diamonds in a solid mass from her wrist to her elbow, and audiences gape in flattering astonishment.

SCENE IN

"THE DELUGE"

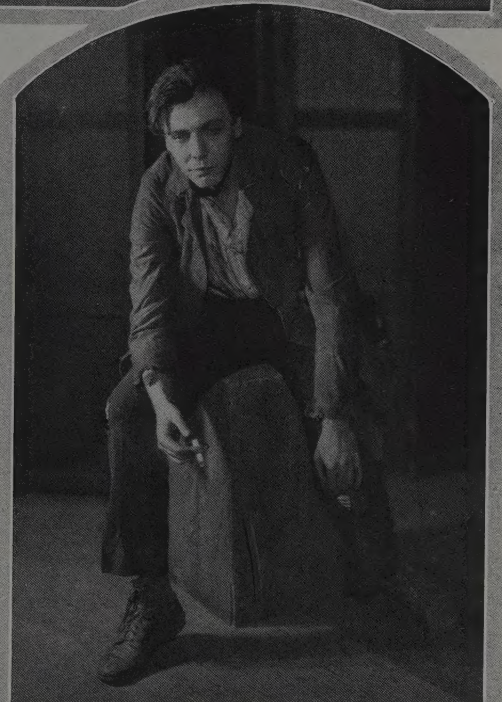
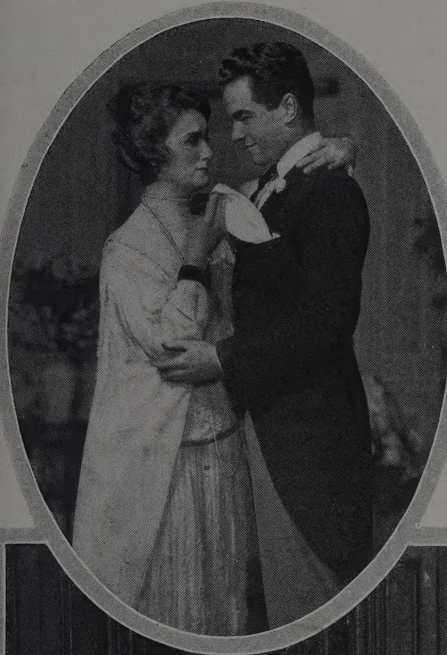
AT THE

PLYMOUTH



In constant fear of death, the inmates of Stratton's saloon forget their mutual hatreds and march round the café all night, singing songs of brotherly love, while the storm rages outside

"The Nest" thrums delicately and sweetly on the old refrain that when younglings are fledged they fly away. Lucille Watson, as the mother, Kenneth MacKenna as the son



A distinct hit was scored by George Renavent in "The Pigeon," as Ferrand, the French-vagabond-philosopher, whose keen psychological understanding of the other characters enables him to express the philosophy of the entire play



Doors open by invisible agency, claw-like fingers clutch at the heroine's throat in the dark, and many other blood-curdling things happen in "The Cat and the Canary" at the National, one of the spookiest plays New York has seen in years

Left to right: Blanche Frederici, Henry Hull, Beth Franklyn, Jane Warrington, and Florence Eldridge

# FEAR, SENTIMENT AND MYSTERY IN RECENT PLAYS

# "The Stage A Terrible Business," Says Lackaye

*Distinguished American Actor Tells Why He Regrets Taking to the Theatre As a Profession*

By ADA PATTERSON

I AM trying to dissuade my son, Wilton Lackaye, Jr., from going on the stage. I tell him it's a terrible business."

Thus Wilton Lackaye, after thirty-nine years as an actor and at least half that time as a star. Mr. Lackaye is accounted by even the most captious critics one of the foremost American actors. He has reaped fame. He ranks as one of the six richest players in America. Nevertheless, sitting upright as a ramrod, his rubicund face flushing the more, despite the softening frame of his whitening hair and the mellowing effect of his small graying moustache, he flung defiance at the profession of the stage, at conditions that surround the art of amusement, and at audiences. He concluded by saying that he wished he had chosen a different profession.

"I regret that I did not stick to the law," he said.

"When my son and namesake informed me that he wanted to be an actor I said all that could be said against it truthfully and that is a great deal. I said: 'You are charmed by the profession. You will be revolted by the business.' When I had finished my catalogue of the arguments against it, I said, 'There is only one reason for going on the stage. That is that you can't help it. It is like falling in love. As has been said in one of the current plays: 'You don't fall in love because you want to, but because you can't help it.' That you just have to is the only excuse for either becoming an actor or becoming love sick.

"That present conditions are discouraging I grant. But aren't they transitory?"

"They may be. But it will be a long time before they become static and satisfactory. The person who contemplates a stage career cannot wait for geological aeons to elapse before he fulfills his ambition."

MR. LACKAYE confesses that in his counsel to his own son he went back to his father's advice to himself. His father was taking him from Baltimore to that school for young priests, called The Propaganda, at Rome. They lingered for two weeks in New York and went to a playhouse every night.

"The germ entered my system when I saw Annie Russell and Eben Plympton play in 'Esmeralda.' I decided not to go to the school for young priests in Rome. I would remain in America and become an actor. I told my father my vocation was not what I had at first thought, but the stage. His answer was 'Your vocation is the padded cell.' Back we went ingloriously to Baltimore and mother.

"I considered this a retreat and so tell my son, and so, to use a phrase of the street, tell the world."

"But"—

"Yes, I can give reasons. I can pile them, as stone upon stone in a structure of

objection that would pierce the sky. You have told me yourself of Clara Morris, half blind, bed ridden, with a tortured spine, lying upon a bed of invalidism at seventy-four years of age and saying 'These are



Lumiere

WILTON LACKAYE

Whose Svengali in "Triby" stands out among the unforgettable stage portraits of our time

the happiest days of my life.' I know of the question you asked her. 'But what of those nights at Daly's Theatre, when the audience rose to do you honor and shouted 'Bravos' at you?' And I know her answer. 'On those nights we sup with the gods. But remember there are but few of them and after that there are dreary months of travel and meeting new faces and forgetting the fireside.' She spoke truly.

"I knew an actor who invited me to visit him at his cottage near Mamaroneck. He took me out on the porch and tapped with his cane the big cobblestone that supported the structure. 'That,' he said, 'stands for the night I played at Butte. And this is for Anaconda. That is for Truckee. And this is Temple, Texas. Every stone meant a hardship. Sol Smith Russell and Roland Reed made money. But they made it on the Road. They tried to play in New York, but the runs were always short and forced. They had the humiliation of playing to poor houses while men, who were not their peers, packed them in. And both died of bad hotels, as Creston Clark, I understand, did. He contracted tuberculosis from playing Shakespearean roles in small towns.

"From which any one who thinks, may gather that the actor's life is literally one of vagabondage. On the Christmas Eve that I had helped to dress my boy's tree,

and had to leave without a chance to watch him when he saw the tree, I think I felt more than ever before in my life what an actor misses. I had to take a train for the South where I was to open a new play the next night. There was no help for it. I had to go. As I went down the steps I heard the clock strike the midnight hour. The early joy of being an actor left me then.

"Clara Morris, though old and sick, is enjoying her life as she never enjoyed it before because she can be stationary. At last she has a home and can stay in it.

"Another tremendous objection to the actor's vocation is its lack of adequate financial reward. Despite the fairy stories to the contrary, actors as a class are not well paid. An arrangement is made with the ambitious actress to star. She gets a salary far less than her services are worth. The manager gets huge returns. He takes it out of the audience. I know that the first year Maude Adams starred in 'The Little Minister' she earned, at least she was paid, \$9,000. When Ethel Barrymore was playing for \$60 a week she was asked whether she would not like to star for \$75 a week. She said she would. That was her salary in 'Captain Jinks.' Then her father became seriously ill. He was sent to a hospital at Amityville, Long Island. It cost \$50 a week to keep him there. She said to her manager, 'I can't live on the difference between that and \$75.' He then paid her \$125 a week. I have even heard of one well known star whose first stellar year yielded her the magnificent sum of \$50 a week. The manager pocketed the rest.

I KNOW that I am reputed to be a wealthy man. I'm not. What money I have was not made on the stage. It was not made by acting. It was made by acquiring rights in a play that made money. In other words I turned manager and backer. Lillian Russell read and recommended Brieux's play "Damaged Goods" to Richard Bennett and me. I believed in it. I believed in it to the depths of my pocket book. The subject was so unpopular at first that we had to produce it under the auspices of a medical society. Afterwards the ban of hypocrisy was lifted. It ran for three years and made money.

"Another reason why I discourage any one who wants to go on the stage is that it is the only profession in which rewards do not go according to merit. Bargain counter methods are used. A man who is a capable, experienced actor is sent for to discuss a part. The part is satisfactory. The actor's standing and experience and equipment are beyond question. Then, 'What is your salary?' asks the manager. 'Four hundred a week is what I have been getting,' says the actor. 'M', says the manager, and thoughtfully strokes his chin. 'I can get a man for \$150 that will get by.'

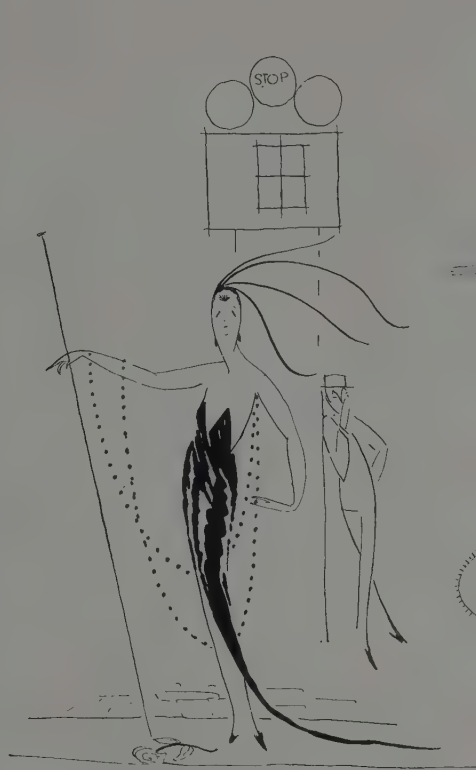
# IF ZIEGFELD WERE MAYOR OF NEW YORK

Sketches by Charles Le Maire

Did you ever think how uninterestingly New York is run, and how much it could be improved by a little able stage managing? Think what wonders could be wrought by simply dividing the day into three acts and a finale, instead of the usual prosaic twenty-four hours. Sketched here are only a few of the infinite possibilities. We suggest (as ardent performers) that the matter be seriously considered by a board appointed for that purpose, said board to be chosen by any first night audience



Think of the possibilities in firemen which, as yet, have barely been touched upon. Couldn't the genius of a Ziegfeld make these modest violets, so little known in their native haunts, to blossom as the rose? A novel idea would be to have violet bath salts in the water, thus serving the double purpose of putting out the factory blaze and insuring the working girls a delightful shower



Assuredly the City Hall officials would be chosen for their clear tenor voices and their taste in sox. Their day would begin promptly at 2 P. M. when the civic orchestra breaks into music and the civic dignitaries break into a novel soft shoe dance assisted by their secretaries

After the curtain rises, say at 12:30 P. M., (whose theatrical day could begin sooner.) Dolores herself would give her inimitable fashion parade at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, while traffic policemen would lead the onlookers in the chorus of "Look for the Silver Lining"



Of course, a Ziegfeld would immediately recognize, without having it pointed out, the dramatic possibilities in traffic policemen, those unsung and unapplauded tragedians. Who can better register disdain, superiority or disgust, than a traffic policeman? It is these qualities that have inspired the above costume, designed to add an accent of interest to every street corner.



And then think of walking down Broadway and being surrounded with dainty and delectable rose-petstrewn street cleaners—super-street cleaners—as it were. Each and every one would pass on, a better and a happier man, after seeing eight or ten airy white angels in the above costumes



We are all familiar with stage waitresses, but what a thrill to have one's midnight lobster breakfast served a-la-jazz, by twelve waitresses doing chorus steps in unison and singing, "Wait for the Sun to Come Out"



After all of which, as one sinks into one's stage bed, patterned after the settings for one of A. H. Woods' comedies, one is lulled to sweet slumber by the chorus of urchins whose childish voices ring out upon the clear morning air echoing the strains of "Sallee wo'on't you come back to our allee, Sallee dooo—"

The hundred and fifty dollar man gets the job.

"I want to point out, too, that in this country the new is sought. As between the established actor and the new one the audiences will see the new one. We like to taste the novel quality. 'Youth with art, but at all costs, youth' is our slogan. In all other professions worth is cumulative,—in law and in medicine and literature a man is better for thirty years experience. But not on the stage.

"A great fault of our stage is that it denotes the lack of American spirit. In every metropolis of every other country the dominant spirit is the spirit of that country. In Petrograd the spirit is overwhelmingly Russian. The stage of Petrograd reflects it. In Paris the spirit is French. The Paris stage proves it. In Berlin the spirit is German and the stage reflects it. In New York it is non-American. Walk down Broadway any evening and look at the names in electric lights. Norman Trevor, an Englishman. H. B. Warner, an Englishman. Lionel Atwill, an Englishman. Leo Ditrichstein, an Austrian. Leon Errol, an Australian. Charles Cherry, an Englishman. Lynn Fontanne, an English woman. Estelle Winwood, an English woman. George Arliss, an Englishman. William Faversham, an Englishman. Allan Pollock, English. It seems that success on the American stage must come by way of London.

"We do not have an American stage in this country. We will not have one until the melting of the foreign elements into the American mould is accomplished. Mean-

while the process of melting us is being accomplished on the stage.

"In consequence of conditions on the stage American actors are dropping out. I told an American critic this. He said, 'What becomes of actors who leave the stage?' I told him I met lawyers, bankers, preachers, teachers, lecturers and manufacturers who had once been actors. He said: 'Do you know any actors who have become critics? Do you know any?'

"None. I recall a critic who went on the stage," I mused.

"He doesn't count. I told the critic that no actor had ever become a critic. That would carry with it some knowledge of the acting art. That is not to be expected of a critic."

"An actor likes fame as a cat likes milk. He gets it," I intruded.

"Not the kind he wants. He may be a fad, a fashion, for a little while. That is not fame. Just now low comedy is the fad. Al Jolson is earning a hundred thousand dollars a year, Leon Errol \$80,000, Ed Wynn \$75,000.

"Four actors revived 'Trilby' at the National Theatre for a week. They were good actors. They, each, lost \$1,200.

"I regret that I did not stick to law. I have a legal mind. I can separate the wheat from the chaff of an argument. I think I would have made a successful pleader."

"Would you rather have been, say, Joseph Choate, than Wilton Lackaye?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because then, I would have been somebody. As it is I am nobody. A Countess Kakkak, or something came over from Paris to lecture in smart drawing rooms. I met her. She told me she had been here all winter and asked why she had not met me at the smart places she had been. It happened she put the question to the only one who would tell her the truth. I said 'Because I was not asked.' She said 'Do you mean to say that people of the stage are not invited to such homes as I have been to?' I told her they are certainly not.

"A high price you pay for being an actor is the parading of your private affairs in the market place. An actor who had married several times and whose affairs were the gibe of every tongue said bitterly to me: 'I'm a common jester with bells on and every passerby laughs at me. You will make a misstep sometime. Then you will find out what it was.' I said 'It happens that I have been very happily married. If I had married such women as your wives were I might have gone on seeking the ideal too and my wickedness been a tea topic. It is no credit to me that I am not.'"

"You discount the cheer and stimulus that actors give to their audiences."

"Slight and passing. I am not grateful to audiences. I am willing to tell them so."

"Then the stage is —"

"The stage is a place to be avoided. If you can't keep away from it, the Lord help you! The only compensation is that you will have done what once you wanted to do."

## Theatrical Questionnaires

### FOR DIRECTORS.

1. How long had you been out of employment as an actor before you decided to become a director?

2. Do you *advise* the members of the company to play the parts as *they* feel them, and then *insist* that they play the parts as *you* feel them?

3. When the author of the play attends the rehearsals, do *you* quarrel with *him* or does *he* quarrel with *you*?

4. In order to assert your authority over those in the cast who enact minor rôles, do you (a) shout and yell? (b) stamp your feet? (c) shake your fist?

5. When the production has a female star, do you see that all the other players are made subservient by (a) standing stock still while the star speaks? (b) turning their backs to the audience while the star "acts"? (c) "toning down" in order that the star may "build up"?

6. Do you ever happen to notice that a player with a Southern drawl is supposed

to be a Westerner, or that a player with a Western burr is supposed to be a Southerner?

7. (a) If the play is a success, do you take the credit? (b) If the play is a failure, do you blame the producer?

### FOR CHORUS GIRLS.

1. Do you continue with the company "on the road," or are you "a New York actress"?

2. Is your apartment in "the Furious Forties" or in "the Frivolous Fifties"?

3. Do you employ (a) a maid? (b) a chauffeur? (c) a "mother"?

4. In regard to jewels, (a) are your pearls real? (b) how many diamond bracelets have you?

5. Do you go to Europe every Summer?

### FOR PRESS AGENTS.

1. (a) What do you know about Ananias? (b) about Baron Munchausen?

2. Which proverb do you like less (a) "Least said, soonest mended," or (b) "Empty barrels make the most noise"?

3. Which do you consider the most dangerous occupation (a) swinging from a flying trapeze; (b) training a pack of lions; (c) or acting as personal representative for an opera singer?

4. Which trick have you tried more frequently (a) "actress loses her diamonds" or (b) "actress marries a millionaire"?

5. When you decide to use a long word, do you look up the spelling in the dictionary, or do you simply trust to luck?

6. How long is it since you paid to see a show?

7. Would you do some special work for (a) a pugilist? (b) a revivalist? (c) a cannibal?

8. (a) Do your parents know that you are a press agent? (b) Do they realize what it means?

HAROLD SETON.



White

### LEO DITRICHSTEIN

An Austrian by birth, this actor's work has all the finesse one associates with the Continental school. Over a quarter of a century has elapsed since he made his first Broadway hit as Tou-Tou in "Tribby"



(Below)

### GEORGE ARLISS

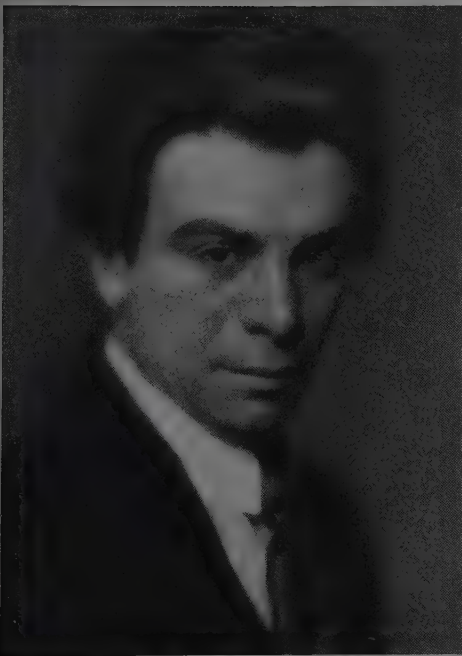
Undisputed master of the suave, polished manner is this English character actor who, as the cultured, crafty Rajah in "The Green Goddess," bares the tiger's tooth beneath the courtier's smile



Monroe

### JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

From Hungary comes Liliom's chief protagonist, whose only handicap during a successful career, has been the personal pulchritude which has earned for him the title "beauty-man"



Hutchinson

### BEN-AMI

"Save me from my friends!" is, no doubt, the prayer of this excellent Russian actor, whose devotees raised him to Olympus while still unable to attain such dizzy heights

Sarony

Motif Margaret Vale



White

### JOSE RUBEN

A son of *la belle France*, this fine actor came to America in Sarah Bernhardt's company, and, staying here, specialized in romantic rôles



Goldberg

### PEDRO DE CORDOBA

Spain, the land of bullfights and dark-eyed duennas, also breeds good actors, as proved by this player's acting as the sculptor in "Nemesis"

## FOREIGN ACTORS DOMINATE BROADWAY

# "Anna Christie"

A Play in Four Acts by Eugene O'Neill

*ALTHOUGH a newcomer among native playwrights, the author of "Beyond the Horizon," "Emperor Jones," etc., is today a force in the American theatre, his work being distinguished for its virility and fine technique. The following excerpts from his latest drama are printed here by courtesy of Mr. Arthur Hopkins, the producer, and Messrs. Boni and Liveright, the publishers.*

Copyright, 1920, by Eugene O'Neill

THE story is based on the superstitious dread of the sea of an old Swedish sailor who sends his daughter, Anna, to grow up in the inland safety of a farm. After fifteen years separation they meet again and the father discovers too late that the life of safety to which he has supposedly consigned her, has in reality been the life of a prostitute. The interest of the story centers around the reaction of Anna's father and Mat Burke, her lover, when Anna tells them the kind of life she has been forced into living. The play opens in a saloon on the New York waterfront. Chris Christopherson, the father, receives a letter from Anna saying she is coming to New York to see him. His joy is momentarily spoiled by the fear that Anna may meet Marthy, his mistress, who lives with him on the barge, but Marthy promises to get out at once. Chris goes out. Anna enters.

ANNA: Gimme a whiskey—ginger on the side. *(Then as Larry turns to go, forcing a winning smile at him).* And don't be stingy, Baby.

LARRY: *(Sarcastically).* Shall I serve it in a pail?

ANNA: *(With a hard laugh).* That suits me down to the ground. *(Larry goes into the bar. The two women size each other up with frank stares. Larry comes back with the drink which he sets before Anna and returns to the bar again. Anna downs her drink at a gulp.)* Gee, I needed that bad, all right, all right!

MARTHY: *(Nodding her head sympathetically).* Sure—yuh look all in. Been on a bat?

ANNA: No—traveling—day and a half on the train. Had to sit up all night in the dirty coach, too. Gawd, I thought I'd never get here!

MARTHY: *(With a start—looking at her intently).* Where'd yuh come from, huh?

ANNA: St. Paul—out in Minnesota.

MARTHY: *(Staring at her in amazement—slowly).* So—yuh're— *(She suddenly bursts out into hoarse, ironical laughter).* Gawd!

ANNA: All the way from Minnesota, sure. *(Flaring up).* What are you laughing at? Me?

MARTHY: *(Hastily).* No, honest, kid. I was thinkin' of somethin' else.

ANNA: *(Mollified—with a smile).* Well, I wouldn't blame you, at that. Guess I do look rotten—yust out of the hospital, two weeks. I'm going to have another 'Ski. What d'you say? Have something on me?

MARTHY: *(Shaking her head).* Not for mine. I'm full up. And you—had anythin' to eat lately?

ANNA: Not since this morning on the train.

MARTHY: Then yuh better go easy on it, hadn't yuh?

ANNA: *(After a moment's hesitation).* Guess you're right. I got to meet someone, too. But

my nerves is on edge after that rotten trip. . . .

MARTHY: Did yuh say yuh got to meet someone here?

ANNA: Yes. Oh, not what you mean. It's my Old Man I got to meet. . . . And I was thinking, maybe, seeing he ain't never done a thing for me in my life, he might be willing to stake me to a room and eats till I get rested up. *(Wearily).* Gee, I sure need that rest! I'm knocked out. *(Resignedly).* But I ain't expecting much from him. Give you a kick when you're down, that's what all men do. *(With sudden passion).* . . . Gawd, I hate 'em all, every mother's son of 'em. . . .

. The conversation continues for some time. Then Marthy goes away. Old Chris enters and renews acquaintance with his daughter. He explains that he lives on the barge which he says will be her future home. Anna rebels, at first, at the idea of living on a barge, but finally consents, and the second act finds them afloat, surrounded by a dense fog. After some philosophizing about the danger and the beauty of the sea, they suddenly hear a call for help. There has been a wreck close by, and the survivors are brought on board the barge. All of them are taken below, unconscious, except Mat Burke, a stalwart Irishman.

BURKE: *(Lifting his head slowly—confusedly).* Is it dreaming I am?

ANNA: *(Half smiling).* Drink it and you'll find it ain't no dream.

BURKE: To hell with the drink—but I'll take it just the same. *(He tosses it down.)* Ah! I'm needin' that—and 'tis fine stuff. *(Looking up at her with frank grinning admiration).* But 'twasn't the booze I meant when I said, was I dreaming. I thought you was some mermaid out of the sea come to torment me. *(He reaches out to feel of her arm.)* Aye, rale flesh and blood, divil a less.

ANNA: *(Coldly—stepping back from him).* Cut that.

BURKE: *(Noticing this—looking around him with real surprise).* But tell me, isn't this a barge I'm on—or isn't it?

ANNA: Sure.

BURKE: What is a fine handsome woman the like of you doing on this scow?

ANNA: *(Coldly).* Never you mind. *(Then half-amused in spite of herself).* Say, you're a great one, honest—starting right in kiddin' after what you been through.

BURKE: *(Delighted—proudly).* Ah, it was nothing—aisy for a rale man with guts to him, the like of me. *(He laughs).* It's all in the day's work, darlin'. *(Then more seriously, but still in a boastful tone).* But I won't be denyin' 'twas a damn narrow squeak. We'd all ought

to be with Davy Jones at the bottom of the sea, by rights. And only for me, I'm telling you, and the great strength and guts is in me, we'd be being scoffed by the fishes this minute!

ANNA: *(Contemptuously).* Gee, you hate yourself, don't you? *(Then turning away from him indifferently).* Well, you'd better come and lie down. . . . You're all in, you might as well own up to it.

BURKE: *(Fiercely).* The divil I am!

ANNA: *(Coldly).* Well, be stubborn then, for all I care. And I must say I don't care for your language. The men I know don't pull that rough stuff when ladies are around.

BURKE: *(Getting unsteadily to his feet again—in a rage).* Ladies! Divil mend you! Let you not be making game of me. What would ladies be doing on this bloody hulk? *(As Anna attempts to go to the cabin, he lurches into her path).* Aisy, now! You're not the old Square-head's woman. I suppose you'll be telling me next—living in his cabin with him, no less! *(Seeing the cold, hostile expression on Anna's face he suddenly changes his tone to one of boisterous joviality).* But I do be thinking, iver since the first look my eyes took at you, that it's a fool you are to be wasting yourself—a fine handsome girl—on a stumpy runt of a man like that old Swede. There's too many strapping great lads on the sea would give their heart's blood for one kiss of you!

ANNA: *(Scornfully).* Lads like you, eh? . . . Listen, now, and don't go getting any more wrong notions. I'm on this barge, because I'm taking a trip—with my father. The captain's my father. Now you know.

BURKE: The old square—the old Swede, I mean?

ANNA: Yes.

BURKE: *(Peering at her face).* Sure I might have known it, if I wasn't a bloody fool from birth. Where else'd you get that fine yellow hair, it's like a golden crown on your head.

ANNA: *(With an amused laugh).* Say, nothing stops you, does it? *(Then attempting a severe tone again).* But don't you think you ought to be apologizing for what you said yust a minute ago instead of trying to kid me with that mush?

BURKE: *(Indignantly).* Mush! *(Then bending forward toward her with very intense earnestness).* Indade and I will ask your pardon a thousand times—and on my knees, if ye like. I didn't mean a word of what I said. . . . It's a great jackass I am to be mistaking you, even in anger, for the like of them cows on the waterfront is the only women I've met up with since I was growed to a man. . . . So you'll forgive me, for the love of God, and let us be friends from this out. *(Passionately).* I'm thinking I'd rather be friends with you than have my wish for anything else in the world. *(He holds out his hand to her shyly).*

MARGUERITE  
SYLVA

This well-known Belgian-American prima donna, whose voice has long charmed theatre-goers, was last seen in "The Skylark." Miss Sylva is now devoting herself to concert work and will appear in March in a series of unusual recitals, under the title "Tea with a Prima Donna"



© Underwood & Underwood

JOAN CLEMENT

Still at the beginning of her stage career is this young actress, now playing the Snake Charmer in "He Who Gets Slapped." Following her debut in "Don Juan," Miss Clement was for a time with the Sothern-Marlowe Company at the Century

Photo Foley



EVA LE GALLIENNE

Whose chief concern lately has been how Julie would like the road when "Liliom" went on tour. By all accounts, the road is better than it sounds.



Photo Monroe

HELEN WESTLEY

This versatile actress, who plays everything from a vamp to a woman of sixty, a nurse in "Heartbreak House" to a merry-go-round proprietor in "Liliom," is now appearing as Zinida, the lion-tamer, in "He Who Gets Slapped." In addition to belonging to the regular company, Miss Westley is a member of the board of directors of the Theatre Guild

INTERESTING TYPES IN CURRENT DRAMA

*(Anna looks queerly at him, perplexed and worried, but moved and pleased in spite of herself—takes his hand uncertainly).*

BURKE: *(With boyish delight).* God bless you! . . .

Burke tells Anna about the wreck.

ANNA: *(With a shudder).* What a horrible end! BURKE: *(Turns to her).* A terrible end for the like of them swabs does live on land maybe. But for the like of us does be roaming the seas, a good end, I'm telling you—quick and clane.

ANNA: *(Struck by the word).* Yes, clean. That's just the word for—all of it—the way it makes me feel.

BURKE: The sea, you mean? *(Interested).* I'm thinking you have a bit of it in your blood, too. Your Old Man wasn't only a barge rat—begging your pardon—all his life by the cut of him.

ANNA: No, he was bo'sun on sailing ships for years. And all the men on both sides of the family have gone to sea as far back as he remembers, he says. All the women have married sailors, too.

BURKE: *(With intense satisfaction).* Did they, now? They had spirit in them. It's only on the sea you'd find rale men with guts is fit to wed with fine, high-tempered girls *(then he adds half-boldly)* the like of yourself.

ANNA: *(With a laugh).* There you go kiddin' again. *(Then seeing his hurt expression—quickly).* But you was going to tell me about yourself. You're Irish, of course. I can tell that.

BURKE: *(Stoutly).* Yes, thank God, though I've not seen a sight of it in fifteen years or more.

ANNA: *(Thoughtfully).* Sailors' never do go home hardly, do they? That's what my father was saying. . . .

BURKE: There's good and bad jobs at sea, like there'd be on land. I'm thinking if it's in the stokehole of a proper liner I was, I'd be able to have a little house and be home to it wan week out of four. And I'm thinking that maybe then I'd have the luck to find a fine, dacent girl—the like of yourself, now—would be willing to wed with me. . . .

ANNA: *(Turning away from him with a short laugh—uneasily).* Sure! Why not?

BURKE: *(Edging up close to her—exultantly).* Then you think a girl the like of yourself might maybe not mind the past at all but only be seeing the good herself put in me?

ANNA: *(In the same tone).* Why sure.

BURKE: *(Passionately).* She'd not be sorry for it! I'd take my oath! 'Tis no more drinking and roving about I'd be doing then but giving my pay day into her hand and staying at home with her as meek as a lamb each night of the week I'd be in port.

ANNA: *(Moved in spite of herself and troubled by this half-concealed proposal—with a forced laugh).* All you got to do is find the girl.

BURKE: I have found her!

ANNA: *(Half frightenedly—trying to laugh it off).* You have? When? I thought you was saying—

BURKE: *(Boldly and forcefully).* This night. *(Hanging his head—humbly).* If she'll be having me. *(Then raising his eyes to hers simply).* 'Tis you I mane.

ANNA: *(Is held by his eyes for a moment—then shrinks back from him with a strange broken laugh).* Say—are you—going crazy? Are you trying to kid me? Proposing—to me!

—for Gawd's sake!—on such short acquaintance.

*(Chris comes out of the cabin and stands staring blinkingly astern. When he makes out Anna in such intimate proximity to this strange sailor, an angry expression comes over his face).* BURKE: *(Following her—with fierce, pleading insistence).* I'm telling you, there's the will of God in it that brought me safe through the storm and fog to the wan spot in the world where you was! . . .

CHRIS: Anna! *(He comes toward them, raging, his fists clenched).* Anna, you get in cabin, you hear!

ANNA: *(All her emotions immediately transformed into resentment at his bullying tone).* Who do you think you're talking to—a slave?

CHRIS: *(Hurt—his voice breaking—pleadingly).* You need gat rest, Anna. You gat sleep. *(She does not move. He turns on Burke furiously).* What you doing here, you sailor fellar? You ain't sick like oders. You gat in fo'c'stle. Dey give you bunk. *(Threateningly).* You hurry. Ay tal you.

ANNA: *(Impulsively).* But he is sick. Look at him. He can hardly stand up. . . . *(Taking one of his arms over her shoulder).* Come on in the cabin. You can have my bed, if there ain't no other place.

BURKE: *(With jubilant happiness—as they proceed toward the cabin).* Glory be to God, is it holding my arm about your neck you are? Anna! Anna! Sure it's a sweet name—is suited to you.

ANNA: *(Guiding him carefully).* S-s-s-h!

BURKE: Whisht, is it? Indade and I'll not. I'll be roaring it out like a fog horn over the sea! You're the girl of the world and we'll be marrying soon and I don't care who knows it! ANNA: Never mind that talk. You go to sleep.

*(They go out of sight in the cabin. Chris, who has been listening to Burke's last words with open-mouthed amazement, stands looking after them helplessly).*

CHRIS: *(Turns suddenly and shakes his fist out at the sea—with bitter hatred).* Dat's your dirty trick, damn odde daval, you. But, py God, you don't do dat! Not while Ay'm living! . . .

The third act is in the cabin of the coal barge. Conversation between Anna and her father reveals the fact that Anna and Burke are constantly together, and that old Chris has an intensive hatred for the Irishman. Anna goes out and Burke enters shortly after. He tells Chris that they might as well be friends, for he intends to marry Anna that day. The two men come to words over the matter, and, finally, to blows, in which the big Irishman is easily the victor. The entrance of Anna brings their quarrel to a momentary standstill. Burke explains the cause of their "argument," and begs Anna to say that she loves him, which, after a slight hesitation, she does. Chris is not daunted, however, for, as he points out, Anna has not told Burke she will marry him.

ANNA: *(Quietly—Coming forward to them).* No, I didn't say it, Mat.

BURKE: *(Misunderstanding her—with a grin).* You're waiting till you do be asked, you mane? Well, I'm asking you now. And we'll be married this day with the help of God!

ANNA: *(Gently).* You heard what I said, Mat—after I kissed you?

BURKE: *(Alarmed by something in her manner).* No—I disremember.

ANNA: I said good-bye. *(Her voice trembling).* That kiss was for good-bye, Mat.

BURKE: *(Terrified).* What d'you mane?

ANNA: I can't marry you, Mat—and we've said good-bye. That's all.

CHRIS: *(Unable to hold back his exultation).* Ay know it! Ay know dat vas so! . . .

BURKE: *(Desperately).* But what's come over you so sudden? You was saying you loved me—

ANNA: I'll say that as often as you want me to. It's true. . . .

BURKE: For the love of God, tell me, then, what is it that's preventing you weddin' me when the two of us has love? *(Suddenly getting an idea and pointing to Chris—exasperated).* Is it giving heed to the likes of that old fool you are, and him hating me and filling your ears full of bloody lies against me? . . .

ANNA: Say, Mat, I'm s'prised at you. You didn't think anything he'd said . . . he has nothing to do with it.

BURKE: Then what is it has? Tell me, and don't keep me waitin' and sweatin' blood.

ANNA: *(Resolutely).* I can't tell you—and I won't. I got a good reason—and that's all you need to know. I can't marry you, that's all there is to it. *(Distraughtly).* So, for Gawd's sake, let's talk of something else!

BURKE: I'll not! *(Then fearfully).* Is it married to someone else you are—

ANNA: *(Vehemently).* I should say not.

BURKE: *(Regaining his courage).* To the devil with all other reasons then. They don't matter with me at all. . . . We've had enough of talk! Let you be going into your room now and be dressin' in your best and we'll be goin' ashore.

CHRIS: *(Aroused—angrily).* No, py God, she don't do dat! *(Takes hold of her arm).*

ANNA: *(Who has listened to Burke in astonishment. She draws away from him, instinctively repelled by his tone, but not exactly sure if he is serious or not—a trace of resentment in her voice).* Say, where do you get that stuff?

BURKE: *(Imperiously).* Never mind now! Let you go get dressed, I'm saying. *(Then turning to Chris).* We'll be seein' who'll win in the end, me or you.

CHRIS: You stay right here, Anna! You hear!

*(Anna stands looking from one to the other of them as if she thought they had both gone crazy. Then the expression of her face freezes into the hardened sneer of her experience).*

BURKE: *(Violently).* She'll not! She'll do what I say! You've had your hold on her, long enough. It's my turn now.

ANNA: *(With a hard laugh).* Your turn? Say, what am I anyway? . . .

CHRIS: You stay dere, Anna!

ANNA: *(At the end of her patience—blazing out at them passionately).* You can go to hell, both of you! *(There is something in her tone that makes them forget their quarrel and turn to her in stunned amazement. Anna laughs wildly).* You're just like all the rest of them—you two! Gawd, you'd think I was a piece of furniture! I'll show you! Sit down now! *(As they hesitate—furiously).* Sit down and let me talk for a minute! You're all wrong, see? Listen to me! I'm going to tell you something—and then I'm going to beat it. *(To Burke—with a harsh laugh).* I'm going to tell you a funny story, so pay attention. *(Pointing at Chris).* I've been meaning to turn it loose on him every time he'd get my goat with his bull about keepin' me safe inland. I wasn't going to



Camera Study by Nickolas Muray

## Chastity

tell you but you've forced me into it. What's the dif? It's all wrong, anyway, and you might as well get cured that way as any other. (*With hard mocking*). Only don't forget what you said a minute ago about it not mattering to you what other reason I got so long as I wasn't married to no one else.

BURKE: (*Manfully*). That's my word and I'll stick to it!

ANNA: (*Laughing bitterly*). What a chance! You make me laugh, honest! Want to bet you will! Wait 'n' see! (*She stands at the table, rear, looking from one to the other of the two men, with her hard, mocking smile*). First thing is, I want to tell you two guys something. You was going on s'if one of you had to own me. But nobody owns me. See?—'cepting myself. I'll do what I please and no man, I don't give a hoot who he is, can tell me what to do! I ain't asking either of you for a living. I can make it myself—one way or other—I'm my own boss, so put that in your pipe and smoke it! You and your orders!

BURKE: (*Protestingly*). I wasn't meaning it that way at all and well you know it. . . .

ANNA: You did mean it that way, too. You sounded—just like all the rest. (*Hysterically*). But, dam it, shut up! Let me talk for a change!

BURKE: 'Tis quare, rough talk, that—for a dacent girl the like of you!

ANNA: (*With a hard laugh*). Decent? Who told you I was? (*Chris is sitting with bowed shoulders, his head in his hands. She leans over in exasperation and shakes him violently by the shoulder*). Don't go to sleep, Old Man. Listen here, I'm talkin' to you now. . . . That crazy bull about wanting to keep me away from the sea don't go down with me. You yust didn't wanted to be bothered with me. You're like all the rest of 'em!

CHRIS: (*Feebly*). Anna! It ain't so—

ANNA: (*Not heeding his interruption—revengefully*). But one thing I never wrote you. It was one of them cousins that you think is such nice people—the youngest son—Paul—that started me wrong. It wasn't none of my fault. I hated him worse'n hell and he knew it. But he was big and strong— (*Pointing to Burke*) Like you.

BURKE: (*Half springing to his feet—his fists clenched*). God blast it!

(*He sinks slowly back in his chair again, the knuckles showing white on his clenched hands, his face tense with the effort to suppress his grief and rage*).

CHRIS: (*In a cry of horrified pain*). Anna!

ANNA: (*To him—seeming not to have heard their interruption*). That was why I run away from the farm. That was what made me get a yob as nurse girl in St. Paul. (*With a hard, mocking laugh*). And you think that was a nice yob for a girl, too, don't you? (*Sarcastically*). With all them nice inland fellers yust looking for a chance to marry me, I s'pose. Marry me? What a chance? They wasn't looking for marrying. (*As Burke lets a groan of fury escape him—desperately*). I'm owning up to everything fair and square. I was caged in, I tell you—just like in jail—taking care of other people's kids—listening to 'em bawling and crying day and night—when I wanted to be out—and I was lonesome—lonesome as hell! (*With a sudden weariness in her voice*). So I give up finally. What was the use? (*To Chris—furiously*). And who's to blame for it, me or you? If you'd even acted like a man—if you'd even

been a regular father and had me with you—maybe things would be different!

CHRIS: (*In agony*). Don't talk dat way, Anna! Ay go crazy! Ay von't listen! (*Puts his hands over his ears*).

ANNA: (*Infuriated by his action—stridently*). You will too listen! (*She leans over and pulls his hands from his ears—with hysterical rage*). You—keeping me safe inland—I wasn't no nurse girl the last two years—I lied when I wrote you—I was in a house, that's what!—yes, that kind of a house—the kind sailors like you and Mat goes to in port—and your nice inland men, too—and all men, God damn 'em! I hate 'em! Hate 'em!

(*She breaks into hysterical sobbing*).

CHRIS: (*Whimpering like a child*). Anna! Anna! It's a lie! It's a lie.

(*He stands wringing his hands together and begins to weep*).

BURKE: (*His whole great body tense like a spring—gropingly*). So that's what's in it!

ANNA: (*Raising her head at the sound of his voice—with extreme bitterness*). I s'pose you remember your promise, Mat? No other reason was to count with you so long as I wasn't married already. So I s'pose you want me to get dressed and go ashore, don't you? (*She laughs*). Yes, you do?

BURKE: (*On the verge of his outbreak—stammeringly*). God stiffen you!

ANNA: (*Trying to keep up her hard, bitter tone but gradually letting a note of pitiful pleading creep in*). I s'pose if I tried to tell you I wasn't—that—no more you'd believe me, wouldn't you? Yes, you would! And if I told you that yust getting out in this barge, and being on the sea, had changed me and made me feel different about things, s'if all I'd been through wasn't me and didn't count and was yust like it never happened—you'd laugh, wouldn't you? And you'd die laughing sure if I said that meeting you that funny way that night in the fog, and afterwards seeing you was straight goods stuck on me, had got me to thinking for the first time, and I sized you up as a different kind of man—a sea man as different from the ones on land as water is from mud—and that was why I got stuck on you, too. I wanted to marry you and fool you, but I couldn't. Don't you see how I'd changed. I couldn't marry you with you believing a lie—and I was ashamed to tell you the truth—till the both of you forced my hand, and I see you was the same as all the rest. And now, give me a bawling out and beat it, like I can tell you're going to. (*She stops, looking at Burke. He is silent, his face averted, his features beginning to work with fury. She pleads passionately*). Will you believe it if I tell you that loving you has made me—clean? It's the straight goods, honest! (*Then as he doesn't reply—bitterly*). Like hell you will! You're like all the rest!

BURKE: (*Blazing out—turning on her in a perfect frenzy of rage—his voice trembling with passion*). The rest, is it? God's curse on you! Clane, is it? You slut, you. I'll be killing you now!

(*He picks up the chair on which he has been sitting and swinging it high over his shoulder springs toward her. Chris rushes forwards with a cry of alarm, trying to ward off the blow from his daughter. Anna looks up into Burke's eyes with the fearlessness of despair. Burke checks himself, the chair held in the air*).

CHRIS: (*Wildly*). Stop, you crazy fool! You vant for murder her?

ANNA: (*Pushing her father away brusquely, her eyes still holding Burke's*). Keep out of this, you. (*To Burke—dully*). Well, ain't you got the nerve to do it? Go ahead! I'll be thankful to you, honest. I'm sick of the whole game.

BURKE: (*Throwing the chair away into a corner of the room—helplessly*). I can't do it, God help me, and your two eyes looking at me! (*Furiously*). Though I do be thinking I'd have a good right to smash your skull like a rotten egg. Was there ever a woman in the world had the rottenness in her that you have, and was there iver a man the like of me was made the fool of the world. . . . I'll be getting dead rotten drunk so I'll not remember if 'twas iver born you was at all; and I'll be shipping away on some boat will take me to the other end of the world where I'll never see your face again! (*He turns to go*).

CHRIS: (*Grasping Burke by the arm—stupidly*). No, you don't go. Ay tank maybe it's better Anna marry you now.

BURKE: (*Shaking Chris off—furiously*). Lave go of me, ye old ape! Marry her, is it? I'd see her roasting in hell first. I'm shipping away out of this, I'm telling you! (*Pointing to Anna—passionately*). And my curse on you and the curse of Almighty God and all the Saints! You've destroyed me this day and may you lie awake in the long nights tormented with thoughts of Mat Burke and the great wrong you've done him!

ANNA: (*In anguish*). Mat!

(*But he turns without another word and strides out of the doorway. Anna looks after him wildly, starts to run after him, then hides her face in her outstretched arms, sobbing. Chris stands in a stupor, staring at the floor*).

CHRIS: (*After a pause—dully*). Ay tank Ay go ashore, too. . . .

ANNA: (*Mockingly*). And I s'pose you want me to beat it, don't you? You don't want me here disgracing you, I s'pose?

CHRIS: No, you stay here! (*Goes over and pats her on the shoulder, the tears running down his face*). Ain't your fault, Anna, Ay know dat. (*She looks up at him softened. He bursts into rage*). It's dat ole devil, sea, do dis to me! (*He shakes his fist at the door*). . . .

ANNA: (*With spent weariness*). Oh, what's the use? Go on ashore and get drunk.

CHRIS: (*Goes into room on left and gets his cap. He goes to the door, silent and stupid—then turns*). You wait here, Anna?

ANNA: (*Dully*). Maybe—and maybe not. Maybe I'll get drunk, too. Maybe I'll— But what the hell do you care what I do? Go on and beat it.

(*Chris turns stupidly and goes out. Anna at the table staring straight in front of her*).

The fourth act is also laid in the cabin of the barge. Anna has been alone for two days while Mat and Chris have been on shore drowning their sorrows in drink. Chris returns and gives his consent to Anna's marrying Mat. After he has gone to bed, Mat enters. A scene follows in which Mat shows that he is still in love with Anna, although he still feels that she has done him a great wrong. The play ends with the reconciliation of Mat and Anna—Anna proving to him, by swearing on his crucifix, that he is the only man she has ever loved and appealing to his vanity by showing him that he has made a different woman of her.



#### FRANCES CARSON

This interesting actress, who appeared last season in support of Holbrook Blinn, as the patient Griselda, the pathetic wife, in "The Bad Man," is now on tour in the West, and will be seen later on Broadway, in a new play

L. Hill

#### MARGARET LAWRENCE

Two interests claim the attention of this accomplished artiste—society and the stage. Known in private life as Mrs. Austin Munn, she is not only a leader in social circles, but also the mother of two charming children. Her most recent theatrical activity has been the playing of the ingenious and triumphant wife in "Lawful Larceny." Earlier appearances included "Tea for Three" and "Wedding Bells"



Edward Thayer Monroe

# Mrs. Blabb Goes to the Matinee

She Sees "Captain Applejack" and "Sally" and Philosophizes on Dramatics in General

By GEORGE V. HOBART

MRS. BLABB and her two daughters, Minerva and Aurora, sat down to breakfast in the small but pleasant hotel in New York where they were temporarily located.



GEORGE V. HOBART

"Oh, Mumma!" exclaimed Aurora, the youngest daughter, "do tell us about the plays you saw yesterday. You went to a matinee and a night performance, didn't you, Mumma?"

"All in 'good time, my dear Rory," replied Mrs. Blabb. "Leave us take everything in its proper seekance. First the refreshing glast of ice water; then the enervating glast of orange-juice; then to attack the Spanish mackerel which the same, being un-beheaded, is staring at us with the dim religious light in its eyes, as the saying is. Then after we have played havoc with the viands set before us we will purceed to local topics, you to yours and me to mine and each to this or that."

"But, Mumma!" pleaded the eldest daughter, "we *do* want to know where you went, what you saw and how you liked it!"

NERVY," answered Mrs. Blabb, "never let it be said that your mother failed in the duty of bringing up her children in the path of moral creptitude by knawing on a hunk of toast when them children was heaping questions at her. I went yesterday afternoon with Mrs. Gullfoil to the Cort Theatre. The name of the play was entitled, 'Captain Applejack' and it was the best comedy I ever see because it had comedy in it which is so unusual in comedy.

The hero of the play, which is none other than the redoubtable Captain Applejack himself, is pufformed by a young man of the name of Wallace Eddinger which gives the best pufformance of refined comicality that has ever been my potion to gaze at in a laugh-stricken manner.

"Then they is Mary Nash, taking off the part of a adventuress, true to the life in such cases made and pervided and to the manner born, as the saying is. I ain't never possessed the acquaintance of a adventuress, because we never had one in our home town except, mebbe, it was Mrs. Guffey, the druggist's wife, she being accused by Dame Rumor of coming from the grocery store with a frying of bacon for supper and walking up Lily Street under the same umbrella with Dr. Hoyt, the dentist, him being slightly married at the time, but she claimed afterwards that the umbrella belonged to her husband and she only walked along with the dentist hoping she'd get

hold of the umbrella so's she could leave the Dr. flat and hurry home with the bacon. Hearing this explanation Dame Rumor got red in the face and changed the subject, so you see, children, my knowledge of a adventuress is somewhat timid and uncertain but if all of them are as clever and dashing as Mary Nash then I can understand why the men make dash fools of themselves about a adventuress.

ON the other hand, as the saying is, they is Phoebe Foster, taking off the part of a quiet, subdued girl in a small town in merry England which bears the same relation to London that Wappinger's Falls bears to New York, so you can see how bucollectic it is. Well, as I was saying, everybody in the household is going along the even tenor, contralto and metzo-concertina of their ways when suddenly Wallie Eddinger becomes interested in a nightmare and presto! lo and behold! with a yeave ho my hearties he grabs Phoebe by the hand and they become pirates bold of the Spanish Mange.'

"Oh, that sounds very exciting!" exclaimed Minerva; "do tell us all about it, Mumma!"

"With your foot on the soft pedal, Nervy," remonstrated Mrs. Blabb. "I can say no more because I am in honor bound, as the saying is. You see, children, when I bought the tickets from Mr. Isadore Costigan, the spectator, he says to me, 'Mrs. Blabb, I am charging you only fifty cents preenium on these tickets so I ask you never disclose the secret of what is contained in the Cort Theatre on account I only charge you fifty cents preenium so if any one should ask you is it a good show you should arrange your features in such a mysterious but joyful manner as will make whoever asks you rush off to me and get tickets which I give them at 'fifty cents preenium.'

"So you see, my dears, without being false to my vows I can say no more, except that in them days they was brave and dashing pirates on the Spanish Mange like Wallie, and beautiful cabin boys like Phoebe, and charming adventuresses like Mary, and in these days the poor old Spanish Mange is nothing but a cinder-path for rum-runners, hiking hootch hither and yon, while brave and dashing revenues sit on the beach and figure out their 'fifty-fifty.'"

BUT, Mumma, what play did you see last night?" inquired Aurora.

"I see 'Sally,'" replied Mrs. Blabb.

"But that's an old play, isn't it, Mumma?" asked Minerva.

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "too old to be crickasized, but young enough to be enjoyed by all those present. It's been running a long time but it ain't out of breath yet. Mrs. Gullfoil wanted to see it afore she went back to Pillsville. In-

diana, where she has a little grey home in the West, so after dining at the Builtfast we ordered tickets from a spectator of the name of Mr. Patrick Levinski, one of his names not being the truth. I couldn't get my tickets from Mr. Isadore Costigan which is in Florida because his health is run down on account of going to the mat with the income tax.

"The play of 'Sally' was perduced by Flo Ziggyfields, Jr., the same man that designs the maxiemus of girl to fit the minniemus of costume in the 'Follies' by explaining to her how hot it's going to be this summer, and wouldn't she rather wear less and be cool and carefully observed by the politariat than wear more and be respected by the reformers.

"Mrs. Gullfoil pointed Flo Ziggyfields, Jr., out to me in the lobby. Judging from the silver hair and the drawn look about his other features he's about the seniorest junior I ever see. I am told—mark you, children, I don't say it's true!—but I'm told Flo has lost his prematurely young expression and has inherited his age and remoteness from trying to pick out an author for the 'Follies' who can write stuff good enough to be cut out at the dress rehearsals in Atlantic City.

"But be that as it may, Flo has a kindly face if you approach it at the right angle of 45 degrees in the right lattitude and the right longitude which is in the stern of a boat about two miles out from Palm Beach fishing for amberjacks, applejacks and comebacks in the sullen waters of the sunburned sea."

BUT, Mumma, when are you going to tell us about the play last night; we're just dying to hear," pleaded Minerva.

"Oh, yes," repoded Mrs. Blabb; "well, as I was saying, I think 'Sally' is one of the nicest plays I ever encountered. Best of all I liked Maryland Miller which is so pretty and dances like a water-spite. She took off the part of a dish-washer which was so natural to those contained in household service in real life, because they was a minniemus of dish-washing and a maxiemus of a good time was had by all. Maryland is about the nicest girl I ever saw inhabiting a musical comedy. She is what the French call *chick*. Of course there will be people who may think some of the other girls in the play are *chickener* but speaking as a woman of this world, speaking as a woman who has traveled extensive, having been a commuter both in New York and Chicago, I think with the French that Maryland Miller is the *chickener* of them all.

"Then they is in the play a comical fellow which is entitled of the name of Lee O'Nerroll. His cutting-up and antiques was very mirth-providing but last night the

(Continued on page 260)



Maurice Goldberg

#### THE WOMAN WITH THE BENDA MASK

Now dancing her way through the West, Virginia Bell is here seen, not as she usually appears in the "Greenwich Village Follies" but in a new rôle showing the blending of the mask with the human figure

# Behind the Scenes with Belasco

*How America's Leading Theatre Manager Has Solved the Secret of Successful Production*

By JANE DRANSFIELD

**M**ATTY, bring the mop!" The voice is Mr. Belasco's. It is at a rehearsal of "Deburau." The curtain, having just fallen on the second act, is being raised again for "all stand around for orders." From the auditorium, up the director's stairs, placed at rehearsals to lead from the house to the stage, springs "the governor," in quiet energy a giant, in eagerness of manner a boy, his dark eyes luminous under his bushy brows, his white hair focussing the light.

From behind the velvet curtains through which Lionel Atwill had just made his exit after that marvelous "Please" of his, spoken in protest to his introduction to Armand Duval, appears Matty, the technical director, bewildered, but ready to be of service, even to the extent of a mop. He looks questioningly at Mr. Belasco.

"Armand Duval has slopped his tears all over the floor."

And again at "Deburau," a play which Mr. Belasco caressed into shape with especial affection, perhaps because it depicts with such sympathy the actor's art. The production had been out upon the road, and would open in New York within a few days. The velvety smoothness which David Belasco demands for his metropolitan openings must be assured, not only through perfection of detail, but more important than everything else, a spirit of loyalty and co-operation among the actors. To this end, therefore, he was addressing the company, a hundred odd in number, having gathered them all about him on the stage. Many of them were children and young girls. All were in costume, as the business of the night had been the costume inspection, when each actor must pass the scrutiny of Mr. Belasco and the experts. Out upon the road, he told them, they had been living as one family. Now, scattered in their various homes, and coming to the theatre out of different environments and interests, still they must strive to retain this feeling of homogeneity. It was essential to the success of the play.

**R**EMEMBER, out there, in the darkened house, not ten feet away from you, will be sitting the best people from New York, from Paris, from London. I want to show them what the author of the play can do, what you can do, what we can do. But my work is finished, the author's work is completed, all depends now on you." Then followed directions,—the quiet that must be maintained behind stage, the caution the young women in evening dress should take to protect themselves from the inevitable draughts in the wings; instructions to the children as to the care of their costumes, each of which had been designed with such thought, how, when not in use, they should be hung on the pegs provided, and if a spot or rent appeared, the wardrobe



Genthe

DAVID BELASCO

who after half a century given to the service of the stage, is still the most important figure in the American theatre

mistress should be immediately sought. Finally, he bade them as they left the theatre that night, to read the motto printed in gilt letters on the call-board:

*"A Sure Road To Success—Mind Your Own Business; A Sure Road To Happiness—Mind Your Own Business."*

It is by such human methods, sometimes cajolery, sometimes biting sarcasm, but more often praise, and always kindness, that Mr. Belasco is able to lead his actors to the acme of their abilities. He never scolds them. The sensitive organism of their mental and physical make-up is too delicate an instrument to be shocked and numbed through fear. No one knows this better than "the governor." Never have I seen him angry with an actor. Not that he is incapable of anger. Far from it. A stage hand high up in the wings, whose drop of the curtain has cut short a telling speech, or a dressmaker, somewhere uptown, whose bungle over a costume has made a necessary quick change impossible, against such as these Mr. Belasco may burst forth in fury. But one has a suspicion even of this rage. One must never forget that Mr. Belasco has been an actor, and is quite capable of simulated outbursts if by their means a talented artist may be put at ease. For if there is one thing more than another that

Mr. Belasco respects and honors, it is talent, the gift of the gods.

In working out a play, Mr. Belasco is never arbitrary. He consults, he advises, he ponders. With the utmost sympathy he seeks not only the author's conception of a part, but the actor's, and always he allows the actor to show him what he can do before he offers suggestions. Frequently an animated debate occurs over some particular passage. Half a dozen people, sometimes even the guests at rehearsal, will be asked their opinion.

"Mr. B." is the affectionate term by which the director of the Belasco Theatre is called by his associates, the family of his theatre; either that, or "the governor." And the bee, sign of indefatigable industry, is his symbol. It is embossed on the backs of the chairs of the auditorium, it appears in the design of the light screens in the halls and reception rooms. Another symbol is Napoleon. Sometime, when I find time, I would like to run through the Belasco Theatre, and count the pictures of the Little Corporal, just for the fun of the thing. They hang in the hallways, in the offices, everywhere, and in all stages of his career, while in the studio at the top of the theatre is gathered a priceless Napoleonic collection, one of the rarest in the country. One wonders why this admiration of the imperialistic Corsican? Is it because of the exotic strain in the ancestry of both, making them spiritually kin? Or is it because Napoleon, too, believed in his "star," as has always David Belasco?

In a recent article the claim was made that Mr. Belasco is a sort of a Svengali, that he hypnotizes his actors. This is nonsense. It is true that under his management many American actors have accomplished the most distinctive work of their careers. Blanche Bates never surpassed her "Girl," and Henrietta Crosman never was lovelier than in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Effie Shannon looks back on "The Years of Discretion" as the one play in which she had a "real" part—few playwrights realize, says Miss Shannon, that actors must have "parts." Frances Starr openly admits that her success is entirely due to Mr. Belasco. So do David Warfield and Lenore Ulric.

**T**HERE are many others, men and women of the stage, who declare without reserve, that whatever of success they have attained is due to their having come under Mr. Belasco's influence. The power that he uses, however, has no touch of the occult about it, but is simply a penetrating knowledge of the psychology of the human mind. He does not "will" his actors to their parts. He studies them, their physical, mental, and spiritual traits, and then fits them into their parts, or their parts to them. Once cast, they must play to the full, every shade of meaning developed, every opportunity seized for the rounding out of the



White

Joseph Cawthorne in the rôle of general factotum—bouncer of drinks and confidant of lovers—at "The Blue Kitten" restaurant, keeps the laughter flowing in the musical comedy hit of that name at the Selwyn



Apeda

Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, the principals in "The Blushing Bride," encounter many difficulties on their cabaret journey to the altar, but remain in high spirits through the entire two acts

The coy Marjolaine (Peggy Wood), in the charming operetta of that name at the Broadhurst, will have nothing to do with a lover (Irving Beebe) who stays away a whole week—in the music-ized version of "Pomander Walk"



Abbe

## JINGLE AND LAUGHTER IN NEW MUSICAL SHOWS

picture. He lures them to do their best, and therefore actors experience sheer joy while playing under his direction.

It is almost, though not literally true, that Mr. Belasco never has a failure, that is, never fails to win popular support. What is the secret of his success? There are several secrets. For one thing, his patience. It is the greatest lesson I have learned from "the governor." Nothing occult, or mystic, only the time-old virtue of taking pains.

**T**HIS real interest in his work is another reason for Mr. Belasco's success. He loves his art, whether in the incipient work on a manuscript, or in the final details. I have seen him work steadily for one hour with a young author of a play on a single line, seeking the elusive right word, himself repeating the line, acting it out, trying one word after another, until one is hit upon that is satisfactory. A scene will be tried in half a dozen versions, the admonition to the actors being not to fix anything in their minds, but to remember it is merely a trial. Entire scenes are not only re-constructed, but entirely re-written in rehearsal. In this way the almost baffling finish of a Belasco production is attained.

Expense is never considered. "Pay those stage carpenters three dollars a night extra if they demand it, but don't let them be seen in the wings in their shirt-sleeves." If a play does not pay its own expenses, and several of Mr. Belasco's more beautiful and elaborate productions have not, then other plays must bear its burden. "The Gold Diggers" must pay for "The Son-Daughter," and so it goes. Never has Mr. Belasco accepted a penny of subsidy, or bowed his head to the Syndicate. He remains now as he began, an absolutely independent producer.

Raw realism has no place in Belasco's repertoire. Life as seen through the splendor of the imagination, the lifting of the primitive emotions toward joy and happiness, the illusion of beauty, the glamour of daintiness, and light fancy, these are his preference. Who ever heard of a ghost that walked the earth for anything but sinister purposes, until the creation of Peter Grimm? Nor in "The Darling of the Gods" are the lovers to be left united, as Romeo and Juliet, only in death, but we witness their eternal union in the heaven beyond the heavens. If beauty be an illusion, never mind!

**B**ACK in the eighteen sixties in San Francisco, when five years of age, David Belasco was carried onto the stage as the child in "Pizarro." From that day to this, the theatre has been his only interest. From call-boy, and "bill-sticker," his own phrase—up through actor, hack writer, stage director, and independent manager, he has occupied every position in the theatre. No one knows the American stage better than he. No one has been more devoted to its development. No one has more advanced its art. This last statement will be disputed by a certain small coterie of critics, barkers for the New Art, members of the so-called "intelligensia," the kind of critic that would employ the epithet "the picturesque old charlatan, David Belasco," as did a certain

magazine writer recently. There is no one of us but wishes that Mr. Belasco would not waste his magic on some of the trivial plays he chooses to produce—none of us but longs to be fed from his hand only great dramatic fare, but there are certain indisputable facts which should be given publicity, not only in justice to the man, but to the credit of the American producer as against the foreign.

The "foot-light" dispute is almost funny. Just before the war, Mr. Granville Barker came to New York from London, and produced plays at Wallack's. He dispensed with foot-lights, and enlarged the apron of his stage. The critics hailed his work as the revelation of a new art, a revolution in the theatre, carrying out the theories of Gordon Craig. This was in 1915. In 1879, when Mr. Belasco produced "The Passion Play" at the old Opera House in San Francisco, he did away with foot-lights for the performance. For another production in 1884 he did it again, and also in 1902 in his marvelous production of "The Darling of the Gods," also for "The Return of Peter Grimm" when first given in 1911, and for "Marie-Odile" in 1915. For the latter production, he extended the apron of his stage, and as it occurred in the same season as Mr. Barker's visit, it was claimed that Mr. Belasco took from Mr. Barker the idea of the stage extension. This notwithstanding the fact that "Marie-Odile" opened and was playing before Mr. Barker's season began. It is a matter of record, that arrangements for the alteration of the proscenium in the Belasco Theatre had already been made, before it was even announced that Mr. Barker was to have a season in New York.

**I**N regard to stage lighting, a department which Mr. Belasco himself calls "interesting, important, and potential to play production," the present development is largely due to the experiments and innovations of two Americans, Mr. Belasco and Steele Mackaye, who were associates for years. The varicolored baby spot-light was originated and perfected by Mr. Belasco in the theatre which bears his name, a theatre where is installed to-day the most complete switchboard in the country, if not in the world. He did away, too, with the plain white light that was so glaring in its effect. He introduced a pinkish light when he produced "Du Barry." It became known as "The Du Barry Light." Later, he developed the amber light. These innovations, criticized at first, came gradually to be used by other producers all over the world.

No one realizes better than Mr. Belasco the psychological effect of light, both on the actors and the audience. Light rehearsals are considered as important as actor rehearsals, and are as exacting in the demand for perfection. Here again no expense is spared to get the results that Mr. Belasco regards as absolutely necessary. From candle light, through gas, locomotor reflectors, the oxyhydrogen lime-light, up to the present electric system, Mr. Belasco has pursued the advance of his art, until to-day none can rival him in the wizardry of stage lighting. The production of the re-

vival of "The Return of Peter Grimm" is the high water mark of stage production in this country in this respect. The sunlight as it filters in from the tulip garden seems to be real sunshine; the dark of an approaching summer storm, lamp light, fire light, all are there, and more, the strange mystic light that suggests the supernatural. Because these effects are so natural, the general public accept them as they do the realities they represent, little realizing the long years of experiment and research.

**I**N scene design Mr. Belasco is the adherent of no cult, a believer in no especial style. He may not use the straight line, or the curve with the power of suggestion, say of John Wenger, who is of the new school, but in his attainment of atmospheric effect, and the big musical sweep of his composition Mr. Belasco stands preëminent in America. "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Darling of the Gods," the first act of "The Easiest Way," "The Rose of the Rancho," the list might be carried on indefinitely, in which he has given us the big beautiful sweep of the out-of-doors. For interiors the *mise en scène* varies with the type of the play. In "Peter Grimm," for instance, he has a room in which were many intimate objects. The play demands just such a room. Peter has lived there for years, and for three hundred years his ancestors before him. Naturally, in that length of time heirlooms had collected. Besides in a room austere simple, what would be the force of Frederick's exclamation that when he came into his uncle's money, he would sell the house, and "all its junk"? That Mr. Belasco can design scenes of severity and simplicity, however, "Marie-Odile" proves.

Important as stage design and lighting are, however, after all it is the acting that we really go to the theatre to see. Otherwise we would go to the opera, or the art-gallery. Here in New York, where the ubiquitous and iniquitous "star" system prevails, the value and beauty of ensemble work is little recognized. If a manager can satisfy his public with a young and pretty star, he is completely satisfied. The rest of the company are "fillers." Not so with David Belasco. From his companies we have the most uniform and best ensemble work in America. In this lies largely the pleasure that a Belasco production gives, whatever the play. Eventually, as advocated by the THEATRE MAGAZINE, we may have a permanent Repertory Theatre in New York, where the emphasis will be on the ensemble rather than the individual, a repertory carrying out such ideals as Stuart Walker, for instance, has so successfully realized in the Murat Theatre in Indianapolis. Until that time arrives, we are dependent on the generosity and idealism of the individual manager. Rehearsal, rehearsal, rehearsal, is the secret.

**R**ECENTLY someone asked me if Mr. Belasco attended all of his rehearsals. The idea of Mr. Belasco being absent from a rehearsal is unthinkable. Each day he arrives at his theatre before nine in the morning, and it is long after midnight when he  
(Continued on page 260)



"He" (Richard Bennett) is congratulated by Mancini (Frank Reicher) on the success of his debut as a clown



Stirred by a new passion after his self-enforced seclusion from the world, "He" tells Consuela (Margalo Gillmore) that he loves her



A gentleman from outside (John Blair) comes to expose with "He" on his new life, but the clown refuses to listen



Depressed because of her coming marriage to the Baron whom she detests, Consuelo is told by her unscrupulous father that she looks prettier when she weeps

Photos Bruguiera



Ira L. Hill

#### MARY McCORD AND BASIL DURANT

Basil Durant and his new partner, Mary McCord, the latest favorites of the smart set, have returned to the ballroom, and are dancing nightly at Delmonico's Club Durant to the accompaniment of Bennie Kruger's orchestra



The rage for the red of hair—and apparently also for the red of lip—continues. Mary Mead posed for, and Jane Peterson painted, this picture of the red-haired girl which attracted thousands to the annual exhibition of the New York Society of Painters



Peter A. Juley



#### DOUG AND MARY

Judging by the fierceness of his expression, Doug evidently thinks he is still D'Artagnan, beset by the Cardinal's guards, and forgets he is basking in close proximity to one of the sweetest and most popular of film stars

Ira L. Hill

#### EARL CARROLL

Not a British belted earl, but a young American producer-playwright-composer, who, starting his career as a program boy, today realizes his dream—the Earl Carroll Theatre—recently opened at 50th St. and 7th Ave.



McBride

#### ADOLPH AND OLAF BOLM

That even the head of a famous ballet can sometimes escape from the prevalent rage for dancing, is proved by this delightful home picture of Adolph Bolm with his son, Olaf

SEEN IN THE PASSING SHOW

# Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



PLYMOUTH. "THE DELUGE." Play in 3 acts, from Henning Berger's "Syndafnoden," adopted by Frank Allen. Revived Jan. 27 with this cast:

|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Stratton         | Robert E. O'Connor |
| Charlie          | James Spottswood   |
| First Customer   | Arthur Hurley      |
| Frazer           | Robert McWade      |
| Another Customer | John Ravold        |
| Adams            | Charles Ellis      |
| O'Neill          | Lester Lonergan    |
| Nordling         | Edward G. Robinson |
| Higgins          | William Dick       |
| Sadie            | Kathlene MacDonell |

THIS remarkable play, from the Swedish "Syndafnoden," the action of which is laid in America, but written by a foreigner who, perhaps unfortunately for our theatre, did not succeed in establishing himself among us, might have its scene laid anywhere else in the world, so universal is its appeal. First performed in Paris in 1907, its success was such that it has since been translated into almost every language. New York first saw it in 1917, but its production here was ill-timed owing to the war and the piece made little or no impression.

The play, frankly a thriller of the Grand Guignol order, is a study in the psychology of fear. To the saloon of a Mississippi town, where for a time the author worked as bartender, come the human jetsam of the big city, all sorts of shady characters—crooked promoters, shyster lawyers, gamblers, prostitutes. These are his characters.

It is mid-summer and the heat is frightful. Storms are predicted and the wires report cloudbursts with a dangerous rise in the river. But Frazer, the promoter, is too busy working off his grouch to worry about the weather. As he tosses off his third gin fizz, he denounces everybody as crooks, his special spleen being directed against O'Neill, the shyster lawyer, who, he says, ought to be in jail. Another object of his ire is Adams, a gambler who is responsible for the ruin of Sadie, the harlot. In comes O'Neill, the lawyer with a propensity for quoting the scriptures. It doesn't take long for the shyster and the promoter to come

to words, and blows are only prevented by the intervention of the saloonkeeper.

Suddenly, the bright sky outside darkens. There is a rumble of thunder. Presently the storm bursts—a 100 mile hurricane. Two men run in from the downpour—one an actor with a banjo, the other a tramp, and then through the side door enters Sadie, the street walker, also seeking refuge. Viciously, she attacks Adams as the author of her misfortune.

Meantime, the lightning is terrifying, the crashes of thunder deafening. The wind shakes the building. All are badly frightened. The saloonkeeper closes the doors and lowers the iron shutters. The building being of steel and concrete construction, there seems little danger at present of its being swept away in the flood now raging outside, but the water is rising in the cellar and the telephone is out of commission. They are cut off from the outside world.

Champagne flows liberally and they all drink, burying, for the moment, their animosities in view of the common peril. The saloonkeeper, badly frightened, begins to cry. All realize that escape is impossible. This is the very end. Each reviews his past life. The promoter is sorry he denounced the lawyer so savagely. Now he comes to think of it, his own life won't bear any too close scrutiny. The gambler repents his wrongdoing, and the harlot throws her arms around his neck. The lawyer, still quoting scripture, proposes they should all take hands and form a loving brotherhood, united in life as in death. So, all night long, with the help of the actor's guitar, they march round the saloon singing songs of brotherly love, the promoter leading the others in the vociferation of his repentance.

But with the returning dawn, the situation is found to be less serious than supposed. The storm has abated; the waters subside. The peril now past, the promoter begins to think he was a little premature in forgiving his old enemy, O'Neill,

while the gambler once more refuses to have anything to do with the girl he betrayed. In brief, the dread of death once removed, they all revert once more to what they were before and again wallow in the mire of their respective turpitudes. The moral is, of course, plain. "When the devil is sick, the devil a monk would be." That the play is true of human nature is not to be gainsaid, and the lesson is put so forcibly that the impression conveyed is an almost unforgettable one.

The piece is admirably staged and acted. Robert McWade is inimitable in his old role of the promoter and Lester Lonergan is effective as the loquacious lawyer. Robert E. O'Connor is a barkeep to the life and a good word must be said for James Spottswood, who plays the helper, Charlie. Kathlene MacDonell was not quite convincing as Sadie, a role originally acted by Pauline Lord, nor was Charles Ellis entirely suited to the role of the gambler.

HENRY MILLER. "THE NATIONAL ANTHEM." Play in 4 acts, by J. Hartley Manners. Produced Jan. 24 with this cast:

|                 |                       |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| Marian Hale     | Laurette Taylor       |
| Madeline Trent  | Lillian Kemble Cooper |
| Maud Ethel      | Jo Wallace            |
| Etta            | Greta Kemble Cooper   |
| Arthur Carlton  | Ralph Morgan          |
| John K. Carlton | Dodson Mitchell       |
| Tom Carroll     | Frank M. Thomas       |
| Reuben Hale     | Richie Ling           |
| Jim Picket      | Robert Hudson         |
| Ned Scoofy      | Ray Wilson            |
| Dr. Virande     | Paul Porcasti         |
| Waiter          | William Armstrong     |

IF we did not know Mr. J. Hartley Manners for the industrious, honest-to-goodness member of the playwriting craft that he is, as shown by "Peg o' My Heart" and other charming and perfectly innocuous pieces, we should take him for a prohibition officer. Certainly, the Anti-Saloon League could not wish for better propaganda than his new piece, "The National Anthem." Whether the general public will take to it as kindly remains to be seen. Most people—especially those with

silver flasks in their hip-pockets—don't like to be preached at, and this play gives some pretty hard, well-deserved slaps at a social condition that causes real concern in thinking people.

Jazz is, of course, the national anthem of the title, and all through the piece, behind the scenes, like a Wagnerian *leit motif*, one hears the silly, monotonous jangle of jazz music—an effect as striking and sinister as the beating of the tom-toms in "The Emperor Jones." The play might as well be called "The Universal Anthem" for its crazy, degenerate devil's tattoo, which originated at the cannibalistic, obscene feasts of some African savage, haunt one in London as well as Paris, as Marion and her dipsomaniac husband find to their undoing.

Mr. Manners has done the theatre, and, incidentally, the country at large, a service. Instead of following illustrious example and fattening his bank roll by writing dirty bedroom farce, he turns public mentor and presents a vivid and, no doubt, faithful picture of youthful society of today with its jazz, its cocktails, its loose morals. It is a preachy play, but it is good, forcible preaching and if the excellent lesson it conveys makes an impression on only an infinitesimal percentage of its audiences, it was worth doing.

The first act opens at the country club. One hears sounds of youthful laughter and the strains of the inevitable jazz off stage. Two fathers, John Carlton and Reuben Hale, direct opposites in character and habit yet lifelong friends, sit chatting. Carlton, a husky, sober, self-made man, criticises bitterly the cocktail drinking of the younger, idle set in which his son Arthur is a leader. His old chum tries to laugh him out of this pessimistic attitude. "There's no harm in it," he says, "the young folks are only having a good time." But Carlton is adamant. He has already had enough trouble with Arthur on this account. The young people run in laughing and talking—mostly about jazz and drink. All the boys produce pocket flasks and they sit at the tables, persuading the girls to drink. One girl, Marion Hale, likes to jazz but she won't drink. She dislikes the taste of the stuff. She pleads with Arthur, when she consents to marry him, to give up drinking. He agrees

and she elopes with him, notwithstanding the solemn warning of Arthur's father that she is committing suicide.

The couple go to New York where they again fall in with the same swift crowd. There is a wild evening at the hotel and Marion is induced to take more champagne than is good for her. Arthur, too, makes an ass of himself and the act is brought to a sensational close with an orgy of drink and jazz.

The scene shifts to Paris. Arthur is still drinking hard to the accompaniment of more jazz strains outside the window. Marion comes reeling in. She can't leave the stuff alone now, although she knows it is killing her. She is sick of it all and wants to get back to America. Arthur, insanely jealous of Tom Carroll, an old suitor who has followed Marion to Paris to protect her, becomes brutal and violent. To cure her headache Marion swallows a tablet. Only too late she realizes she has taken bichloride of mercury. The dazed and now thoroughly frightened Arthur rushes for a doctor and is run over and killed, and for ten days Marion hovers between life and death. In the end she pulls through and of course Tom is right on the job to console her not unwelcome widowhood.

Written, presumably, with a view to Laurette Taylor's requirements, the part of Marion is by no means the best in which this talented and popular actress has been seen. Shallow, artificial, conventional, it is not a role that would make serious demands upon the resources of any actress. In fact, the play affords her almost no opportunity for the display of that artistic gift which one senses Miss Taylor to possess. The trouble is that this actress—with all due respect to her playwright husband—has never yet had a part that measures up to her histrionic stature. Potentially, she is an actress of whom great things might be expected, but, so far, opportunity has been denied her to prove it. All that can be said of her present effort is that the keen intelligence and sympathetic appeal which have made her one of our most successful stars, are again in evidence. In the first act, girlish and charming, with that artless way of speaking that is one of her chief attractions, she was especially appeal-

ing. In the succeeding acts she wore such unbecoming gowns that one's enthusiasm received somewhat of a shock. But if one could forget the design and cut of that awful gown in Act II, and the feathered hat in Act IV, all that lingered in the memory was the charm of Laurette Taylor herself.

Ralph Morgan did his drunken scene in Act II very cleverly, and Richie Ling struck a virile note as the disillusioned father. Lillian Kemble Cooper gave distinction to the role of Madeleine who left the jazz crowd to go and learn sense on the stage.

**NATIONAL.** "THE CAT AND THE CANARY." Mystery play in 3 acts, by John Willard. Produced Feb. 7, with this cast:

|                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Roger Crosby     | Percy Moore       |
| "Mammy" Pleasant | Blanche Friderici |
| Harry Blythe     | John Willard      |
| Susan Sillsby    | Beth Franklyn     |
| Cicely Young     | Jane Warrington   |
| Charles Wilder   | Ryder Keane       |
| Paul Jones       | Henry Hull        |
| Annabelle West   | Florence Eldridge |
| Hendricks        | Edmund Elton      |
| Patterson        | Harry D. Southard |

It was only to be expected that the two-year run of that stage thriller, "The Bat," would encourage other playwrights also to try their luck with the spook drama. Most people love a detective story and certainly in this piece, written by an actor who also plays a part, there is enough to make the hair stand up, even on a bald head. Suspense, mystery, blood curdling sounds, strange knockings, doors that open by unseen agency, claw-like fingers that clutch at your throat in the dark, unearthly cries behind closed panels—these are only a few of the weird happenings that keep the audience almost on the verge of hysterics in "The Cat and the Canary."

The piece is based on a rather ingenious and sufficiently plausible idea. An eccentric millionaire, fearing an insanity trait in his family, makes a will leaving all his estate to a distant relative, a young girl named Annabelle West. The will stipulates, however, that if Annabelle should show any signs of insanity, the estate is to go to another heir. It thus becomes at once evident that someone is deeply interested in so frightening Annabelle that she will, indeed, lose her reason. Owing to the lateness of the

hour at which lawyer Crosby finishes reading the will, the relatives must all stay overnight in the old manor which has been uninhabited for twenty years and which the colored caretaker—a sinister voodoo incanting West Indian—declares is haunted. A keeper from a neighboring lunatic asylum comes in to say that a dangerous maniac has escaped and is believed to have concealed himself in the house. Already strange noises have been heard. A mysterious bell rings in a peculiar way. The colored caretaker, crossing herself, says it always rings like that just before someone is going to die. Suddenly an invisible door opens and lawyer Crosby is seized by an unseen hand and disappears. The heirs, terrified, prepare to spend a wild night barricaded in their respective rooms.

What happens, how it happens and who is responsible for the happenings, it would not be fair to divulge here. Go and see the play. You'll like every minute of it.

It is well acted, particularly by the men. Henry Hull is capital in a comedy sentimental role, and Ryder Keane does well as Charles Wilder. Florence Eldridge, remembered as the heroine of "Ambush," makes the most of the role of Annabelle, while Blanche Friderici gives a realistic portrayal of the sinister West Indian.

**FORTY EIGHTH STREET.** "THE NEST." Play in 4 acts, adapted from the French of Paul Gerdaldy, by Grace George. Produced Jan. 31, with this cast:

|                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Marie Hamelin   | Lucile Watson    |
| Eveline Dore    | Christine Norman |
| Jacques Hamelin | Frank Burbeck    |
| Max Hamelin     | Kenneth MacKenna |
| Suzanne         | Juliette Crosby  |
| Henri           | Bruce Elmore     |
| Jeanne          | Ruth Gilmore     |
| Leontine        | Marjorie Oakley  |
| Anna            | Florence Mack    |
| Louise          | Helen Cromwell   |

**T**HE tide of adaptations from the French runs high. A new name to our stage, if not to the shelves of poetry lovers, Paul Gerdaldy contributes his "Noce d'Argent" to the boards of the 48th Street Theatre via a respectful and intelligent transposition by Grace George. The piece finds the poet-dramatist in one of those melanchol-sentimental moods highly prevalent in his "Toi et Moi." It thrums delicately and sweetly on the old refrain that when younglings

are fledged they fly from the nest. Nothing new, but finely done,—so finely, indeed, as to lack that substance and fundamental drama needed for success in a country where mere beauty of language and thought does not suffice. Miss George might have been a little less respectful in her adaptation to good advantage,—cutting and what is crudely known to our theatre as "building up," might have worked wonders with a slender, poetic play that is inherently a delightful one.

The House of Brady has made a pottage of the production. Less realism and more junk are seldom seen in a Broadway offering. Scenery that has offended the eye several times this season is found in evidence again, not even repainted, one set, which pretends to be a dining room in a bourgeois French home being the self-same palace room at Versailles into which the blue-bearded French mob of the late lamented "Marie Antoinette" tore, bearing banners inscribed "Down with the Queen!" Much of the business borders on burlesque, but fortunately a capable cast manages to pull through to victory in spite of it.

Lucille Watson, as the mother who finds that her suddenly grown-up children are leaving her side, gave a wholly admirable performance, as also did Christine Norman, despite an array of hats and a style of dressing her hair that made even this reviewer, usually non-meticulous in such matters, restless in the extreme.

An unusually attractive new-comer to the host of promising ingenues is Juliette Crosby who, as the daughter who flits, contributed a performance of unusual vivacity and charm. Ruth Gilmore, another daughter of the well-endowed Frank, was sweet and appealing in a small role.

**EMPIRE.** "THE CZARINA." Play in 3 acts, by Melchior Lengyel and Lajos Biro. Produced Jan. 31, with this cast:

|                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| The Czarina          | Doris Keane         |
| Annie Jaschikova     | Lois Meredith       |
| Marie                | Phyllis Alden       |
| Prince Soltikoff     | Frederick Kerr      |
| Vicomte de Roncourt  | Ian Keith           |
| Count Alexei         | Basil Rathbone      |
| Lieut. Nicholas      | Kenneth Thompson    |
| Colonel Ronsky       | William Devereux    |
| Baron Dymow          | Richard Malchien    |
| Captain Kaschumowsky | Edwin Noel          |
| General Malakoff     | William H. Thompson |
| Yvonne               | Virginia Trabue     |

**A**S I set about doing my duty to the community at large and prepare to render my usual judicious utterance on the new play, I am rendered selfconscious by the closing paragraph of a confrere's notion of "The Czarina" which appears in a theatrical weekly. "Any critic," says he, "who is so thoroughly infatuated with his power as to pick piffing flaws in this presentation should be ostracized. It is as nearly inspired as any human effort on a stage may well be." The reason for my embarrassment will be apparent when I start hinting that, for the most part, "The Czarina" is the sheerest theatrical clap-trap, made High Hokum by dint of a thoroughly beautiful setting, radiant costuming and the still magic name of Charles Frohman.

Miss Doris Keane who has "Romanced" about the civilized world for the past nine years now takes to herself a new role, that of Catherine the Great, made famous by history and many a better play. Physically unsuited to be the Catherine commonly imagined, she is her own version of a Catherine, unregal, harsh of voice and theatrical. At the conclusion of Act 1, as Catherine's new found lover sinks to her feet in adoration, Miss Keane stretches out her arms and turns gallery-wise with a gesture that rather suggests a barnstorming Monte Cristo telling the gang out front that the world is his. To make matters worse, precisely the same business is gone through at the end of the last act which closes with a repetition of the same scene—and that a dull one—gone through again with still another new lover.

The play, adapted by Edward Sheldon from the Hungarian of Melchior Lengyel and Lajos Biro in a way which emphasizes the neuroticism of the original rather than its historical flavor, has to do largely with the love moods of the crafty empress. The American version shows her not as a diplomat and ruler, but as a nymphomaniac. No doubt there's better "box office" in nymphomania than in state-craft. A few mis-fire plots against her imperial safety are supposed to comprise a story.

Miss Keane's supporting cast is admirable throughout, notable performances being given by Frederick Kerr, Ian Keith and Basil Rathbone.

49TH STREET. "CHAUVE SOURIS." Russian vaudeville from Balieff's Bat Theatre of Moscow. Series of highly colored episodes in 2 acts including: Porcelaine de Saxe; Songs by Glinka; The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers; Souvenir of the Far Past; A Quartette of Merry Artists; The Sudden Death of a Horse; Katinka; A Night at Yard's, Moscow, 1840; The Tartar Dance; "Grande Opera Italiana"; Chastoushki; Under the Eyes of the Ancestors; The Chorus of the Zaitzeff Brothers. Produced Feb. 3

**H**ERALDED by most ecstatic praise on the part of returning sojourners to Paris, the famous Bat Theatre of Moscow, under its arch-autocrat Balieff, came recently to New York. Certainly the entertainment it offers is novel and delightful. The only regret one has is that the cymbals were banged so hard concerning it, inasmuch as that type of introduction invariably causes expectations which are never fully realized. Expecting to be stunned, bewildered and rendered nigh unconscious by the art of the Chauve-Souris's performers, I came away with nothing more than an impression that the performance they give—in miniature vaudeville acts—is, for the most part, unusual and charming, and one which, with fewer preliminary fireworks, might have been far more completely captivating.

Morris Gest is largely responsible for the importation of this interesting organization of Russian artists, which gave for a year in Paris and later in London an ever changing bill of little plays, songs, dances and burlesques. There is said to be an almost limitless repertoire, but for the New York opening Balieff formed a bill of the best known and most popular of the acts. Many are gems of the rarest water—notably the Parade of the Wooden Soldiers in the Park, an exquisitely humorous and pathetic march by a dozen or so "wooden" soldiers—the woodenest I have ever seen—to the tune of a quaint march. The singing of the gypsies in Yards' Restaurant in Moscow, for the edification of two young nobles, is thrilling, while Katinka, a folk dance,—and "The sudden Death of a Horse"—a brief playlet—provide some delicious comedy.

Decidedly the importation of this troupe of talented Russians is a feather in the cap of Mons. Gest, and the

entertainment one which should be seen by all who find a Continental flavoring in their theatrical entertainments to their liking. Of that there is a great abundance—for, apart from the amusing pigeon English of Balieff who acts as before-the-curtain interlocutor, the Chauve-Souris is guiltless of our vernacular.

RITZ. "MADAME PIERRE." Play in 3 acts, adapted from Brieux's "Les Hanneçons" by Arthur Hornblow, Jr. Produced Feb. 15, with this cast:

|                   |                          |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| Pierre Cottrel    | Roland Young             |
| Ferdinand Brochot | Marsh Allen              |
| Henri Limouzin    | Cecil Yapp               |
| Bodier            | Fuller Mellish           |
| The Boatman       | Stanley Jessup           |
| Charlotte         | Estelle Winwood          |
| Isabelle          | Marjorie Wood            |
| Phrasie           | Alice John               |
| Mme. Bodier       | Evelyn Carter Carrington |

**C**ONFESSEDLY prejudiced by the fact that the adapter who has made "Madame Pierre" out of Brieux's comedy "Les Hanneçons" is endowed with a name which is strangely familiar, I can find nothing but good things in this latest production by William Harris, Jr. The play has been essayed before in New York—a good many years ago—in a different and less elastic version, but not until now has it seemed so welcome a visitor to Broadway. Largely responsible for this, of course, is the fact that Manager Harris has entrusted the affair to capable hands throughout, and also that an audience has come to be builded in New York ready to relish an intelligent and ironic comedy of the sort.

Brieux—always a thesis writer—does not entirely abandon that form of dramaturgy in "Madame Pierre," but at least his tendencies that way in this case are so well concealed and subjugated to the movement and interest of the story that had it appeared anonymously, Brieux would probably have been the last name designated as its author. The dramatist must have been in a singularly bitter mood concerning womankind—or, at least, a certain kind of womankind—in the days when "Les Hanneçons" was being conceived and composed. He sets about to show—and does show—the bitter enchantment that can ensue from a man's taking a mistress. The treatment is such, however, as not to be exactly a brief for matrimony, though that conclusion may be deduced—and was deduced by Bernard Shaw—a well-known stickler for the conventions—who said of "Les

Hanneçons" that it should be shown in every school and college in the country.

Roland Young as Pierre Cottrel, the man who, desiring freedom, weds himself to a hellish state of intimacy with a common, ignorant woman and thereby finds himself tighter bound by far than were he married to her, stepped for the first time on the American stage into a role worthy of his unusual capacities. A most interesting actor, a devotee to the point of ardor of the "natural" school of acting, Mr. Young achieves a masterly characterization.

Estelle Winwood, abandoning her languid treatment of the parts she has played in "Too Many Husbands" and "The Circle," throws herself with abandon and charm into the character of Charlotte, the woman who clings. Her impersonation is purely Gallic, interesting and fascinating, and shows beyond question that as an artist her versatility is second to none.

The rest of the cast is exceptionally good. Robert Milton has done one more fine job in the matter of staging the production. Livingston Platt is responsible for one of the best sets in many seasons. All in all, an enjoyable evening at the theatre.

HUDSON. "A VOICE FROM THE MINARET." Play in 3 acts, by Robert Hichens. Produced Jan. 30, with this cast:

|                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Andrew Fabian     | Herbert Marshall   |
| Selim             | E. Rayson-Cousens  |
| Father Elsworthy  | C. M. Hallard      |
| Evelyn Caryll     | Marie Lohr         |
| A Muezzin         | Jacques Chapin     |
| Mrs. Fabian       | Vane Featherston   |
| Miss Rodd         | Content Paleologue |
| A Waiter          | Evan Baldwin       |
| Sir Leslie Caryll | Edmund Gwenn       |
| Astley            | E. Rayson-Cousens  |

**N**OTHING to stop the presses about is the Hichens play with which Marie Lohr, the English star, chose to open her repertory season at the Hudson Theatre. "A Voice from the Minaret" consists of a quantity of talk concerning an intangible something called Truth as applied to the life of one of those Hichens favorites, a minister of God who is tempted by the flesh. Miss Lohr supplies the needed temptation to start the play rolling,—and roll it does, and very slowly, until the convenient death of the Temptation's husband presumably permits the Reverend Doctor to please both Truth and Pas-

(Continued on page 262)

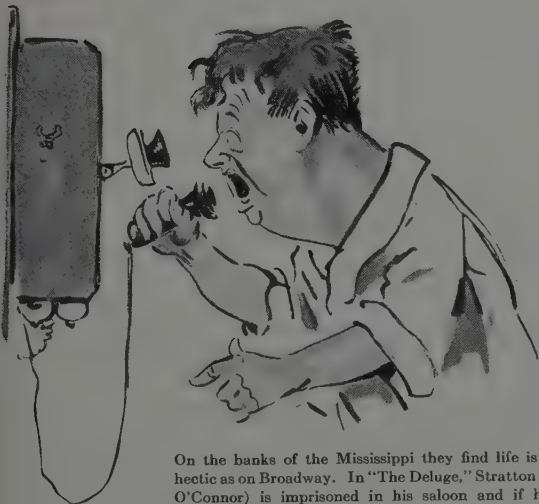
# TONY SARG ALSO GOES TO THE PLAY



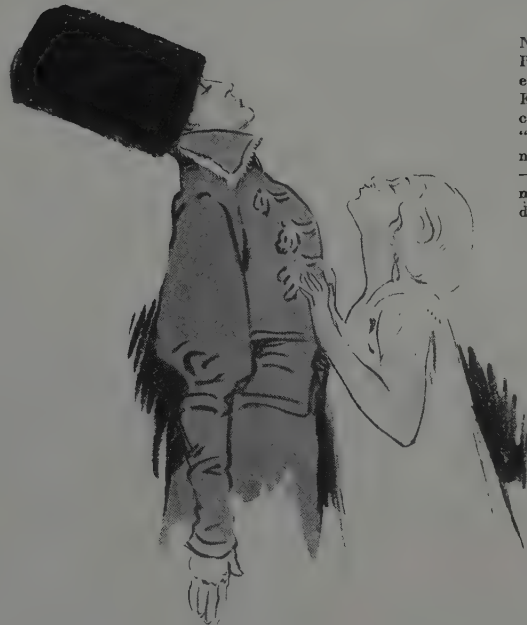
You just know they are all going to die because it is a real Russian play. "He Who Gets Slapped," embodied here by Richard Bennett, has an ironic idea that fate will stop walloping him if he gives someone else a chance, but he's wrong so he resorts to last to a poisoned cup.



But even in the midst of Russian entertainment you should be prepared for shrieks of laughter, for The Bat Theatre of Moscow with its "Sudden Death of a Horse" has come to prove that the Russians aren't always in a welter of morbid gloom.



On the banks of the Mississippi they find life is just as hectic as on Broadway. In "The Deluge," Stratton (Robert O'Connor) is imprisoned in his saloon and if he can't yell louder than the flood, no one can.



Not that anyone loves Russia less—but almost everyone loves Doris Keane more, and who can wonder when as "The Czarina" — the naughty one you know — she considered her million soldiers candidates for this position.

TONY SARG

# The Whimsical Mr. Milne

*A Close-up of One of the Most Delightful Playwrights of the Present Day Stage*

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

THE author of "Mr. Pim Passes By," was born with the dramatic gold spoon in his mouth. The Three dramas by this whimsical Britisher we have had the good fortune to see in America, have appealed to us for the spontaneity and freshness of their telling, the good sense of characterization distinctly revealed therein, and the bright, sprightly, slender but human ideas which form the basis for their being. One is immediately impressed by the goodly sense of manner evident in the personages conjured up by Mr. Milne for a wholesome evening's enjoyment. They are British in their humor, British in their slang, British in their breeding, with a tinge of gentleness and the gentleman about them, which lends them a refinement, not artificial, but kindly and agreeable.

Mr. Milne is a journalist, having escaped school-mastering and the Indian service,—two professions from which British literature has often had to extricate itself. His family put him through the inquisition of frowns when he declared for literature, but he resolutely set his face toward the presses, which began to eat up his "copy" as one eats hearts of lettuce. Readers of *The Times*, *Punch*, and *The Spectator* became accustomed to quaint essay leaders. What matter if, for the first few years, he failed to make ends meet; he tempered his sails to the financial winds, and steadied himself. He was not doing badly, for he was welcomed at the best clubs in London, and George Meredith and Thomas Hardy took him under their seasoned wings.

When the war began, Milne sat at the assistant editor's desk in the offices of *Punch*. He was then thirty-two, and was on the road toward assembling his writings into three volumes. Then the service called him, and he joined the Royal Warwickshires. He tells us in his own words, written to the Theatre Guild, in New York, that soldiering consumed the time of literature. But it could not hinder the happiness of a newly married life, for Mrs. Milne came and dwelt near where he was training, and she and the colonel's wife set Milne on the road to dramatic writing. They made him do a short fairy play, which afterwards became a book of which he says he is very proud, called "Once Upon a Time." Fortunately he did not stop here. The theatre had taken hold of his mind, and he set to on a one-act skit, "Wurzel-Flummery," which became "The Great Broxopp."

The "Wurzel-Flummery" conceit was produced in London during 1917, when Mr. Milne had been returned from France

as an invalid. And then came in quick succession his other plays, and just as rapid production, not for all of them, but for the majority. His "Belinda," a frothy situation delightfully and airily and "Barrymore-ly"



ALAN ALEXANDER MILNE

Author of "The Dover Road," "Mr. Pim Passes By," etc.

played in this country by Miss Barrymore herself, set in full motion his dramatic pace, which bids fairs to be as continuous, as unremitting as that of our own Clyde Fitch, whose speed was no real measure of the care he gave in the incubation of his plots.

His coat-of-arms should be a writer rampant. There is no field he is not attempting; mystery stories he adores, and is writing them; essays are literary breath to him, and the two volumes I have read—"If I May" and "Not That It Matters"—have some of the spring Lamb about them, if they do not entirely remind one of the sounder, profounder Charles Lamb. Milne's vein is that of the "Dissertation Upon Roast Pig," but it would not surprise me if it were not also that of "Dream Children." He tells us that he has one wife, one son, one house, and one recreation—golf.

The lyrical whimsy creeps into his plays. One sometimes exclaims,—“How can he spin out an evening's entertainment with such a simple situation as underlies 'Mr.

Pim Passes By'”—distinctly the product, not of a seasoned playwright, but of a whimsical mind dancing gaily across the stage, and delighted with the new land of make-believe. Inexhaustible seems to be

Mr. Milne's fund of good humor—efficacious humor which, not taking life too seriously, does not take itself any the less seriously. For it would appear that his *metier*, his happy mood is a pipe dream, rather than reality, even though his characters are very real, and full of warmth and individuality. Take "The Dover Road," for instance: what more whimsical idea than that a middle-aged gentleman, with no conventional foibles, should take up as a hobby the waylaying of runaway couples, and set them off the Dover Road and on the right road to sensibleness and happiness? Here is whimsy reminiscent of Barrie, yet not Barrie, for the latter has more substance, more depth, more that quality which comes from having written such novels as "Sentimental Tommy," "Margaret Ogilvy," and "The Little Minister." Mr. Milne's dramatic fragments are just what one might expect, in dramatic form, from an essayist of the casual.

Yet there is an intimation of deeper notes in Milne. One can find it in "The Great Broxopp," I believe, if one has the patience to get beneath the scintillant humor of the piece—which is nothing more than a British picture of the American noisy, though excellent farce, "It Pays to Advertise." There is certainly sweet humor in "The Dover Road," and gentle wisdom. And there are flashes of irony in "Mr. Pim Passes By."

It is strange that Milne remained so long away from the American stage, after "Belinda" was produced. Managers could have had "Mr. Pim" when it first came into the market, after its London production, January 5, 1920. But now that he has been tested, it is likely that we shall not escape any of his plays, if they continue to be of the high level of freshness found in those we have seen and read. Report reaches us from London that his latest, "The Truth About Blays," sounds a deeper note than ever before. Its theme is that of fraud. An old man has lived to be ninety, lauded by the nation as one of England's greatest poets. But he is nothing of the kind, though everyone has been sacrificed to his genius, putting on the altar their individuality, and in the case of a maiden daughter her greatest opportunities. So that when the fraud is exposed, just before the old man's death, there is seen the wreck of a possible motherhood, and certainly of a ripe womanhood before



#### MARTHA HEDMAN

As decorative as she is charming, this interesting Swedish-American actress has not been seen this season as much as we might wish, but rumor has it that Broadway will see her shortly in a new play



Goldberg

#### MARGARET MOWER

In spite of the abbreviated run of "The Fair Circassian," earlier in the season, this personable actress of many successes still goes on smiling



Alfred Cheney Johnston

#### WILDA BENNETT

Caruso and Calvé predicted great things of this striking young prima donna of the "Music Box Revue," whose greatest successes of the past include "The Only Girl" and "Apple Blossoms"

## CROWNED HEADS IN THE THEATRICAL REALM

# Do You Remember?

*Reminiscences of Theatre-going in Earlier Days by A Veteran Playwright*

By EDWARD E. KIDDER

*Author of "A Poor Relation," etc.*

MEMORY goes back over half a century. The theatrical pace of Broadway was not so swift in those days as it is today. We had time to breathe between productions. The theatres were not so luxurious, nor as close to one another, but the entertainment left little to be desired, and enthusiasm ran as high, if not higher, for the favorites of the day.

Let me think:

At Barnum's—Broadway and Ann street—they are playing "Dred, or the Dismal Swamp," also a musical interlude by Mr. and Mrs. Gomer-sal and a "curtain raiser"—"Away with Melancholy" showing that sterling actor, Milnes Levick. All this as a background for the "What Is It?"—"Joyce Heth," the nurse of Washington, and the Egress.

Oh, yes, the Egress. On holidays Barnum can't make room for all who come, so at a large exit door he has placed a huge sign, "This Way to the Egress" and the novelty seeking people, rushing through these doors, find themselves outside.

IN the Broadway Theatre at Broome Street, Kate Reignolds is exhibiting her lovely and buxom personality in "The Shadow of a Crime" and "The Youthful Days of Richelieu." This is a very naughty little play, it is said, and New York shudders. But we shudder easily these days.

The elder Hackett, who "babbles of green fields" to Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, as "Dame Quickly," is Falstaff later. If he could look forward through the years would he not pat Tom Wise on the back? He also does a one-act play "Monsieur Mallet" and oh, the pathos of it! For the poor old Frenchman dies of starvation while his remittance from France is held up by the Long Island postmaster because he has nothing for "Mallay" but only a letter for "Mallet," with the accent on the "t."

John Owens comes to the Broadway later as "Solon Shingle" with his "bar'l of apple sass" and "Forty Winks," in which farce his antics and his "rolling eyes like peeled onions" are in the future so to disturb our beloved Clara Morris when she plays with him in Cleveland that her hysterics make it difficult for her to continue the scene.

The three lovely Worrell sisters, Sophie, Irene and Jennie, will also shine here in "Camaralzaman and Badoura," so to agitate our young men that they form themselves into "The Worrell Brigade," engineered by clever Pa Worrell, the old circus clown, and pay a dollar a night for seats to the number of fifty or more! And the

Worrells have brought us Myron Leffing-well, a wonderful burlesque actor.

Adah Isaacs Menken came to this house recently in "Mazeppa" and thrilled us with her ascent to the theatre roof, bound to the "wild horse of Tartary." She is attractive and talented, for she can ride a far mightier steed—Pegasus! Her poem "Infelice" has much of merit. Perhaps that is why, a year later, she is so to enthral Alexander Dumas



A THEATRE STAGE ON BROADWAY

(From a rare engraving)

the elder, at Paris, that they will be photographed together.

Nearly across the way, at 472 Broadway, Bryant's Minstrels are adding to the gaiety of Gotham—Jerry, Dan and Neil Bryant, Little Mac, Eph Horn, Nelse Seymour, Rollin Howard, Sivori, Haslam, T. B. Prendergast, old Dan Emmett, who wrote "Dixie" and presents it as a "walk around" but thinks he has a better one in "Chaw Roast Beef," the wonderful singers S. C. Campbell and J. C. Reeves—in the future to develop magnificently as Castle & Campbell—in the Castle & Campbell English Opera Company, and lastly, lovable Dave Reed in "Sally Come Up."

One block higher up is Wood's Minstrel Hall. George Christy, Charley Fox, G. W. H. Griffen—their fearful and tearful rendition of "Barbara Allen" with bass viol accompaniment is something to remember—and Unsworth and Eugene. The former is—so far—the best of the burlesque black-faced stump speakers, and the latter a superb and convincing saddle colored "wench."

AT 585 Broadway we have Canterbury Hall, run by Fox and Curran, and called "The Palace of Mirrors." They have projected the "pretty waiter girls" on New York for the first time and the citizens are in a mixed mood of dread and delight, for there is thought to be something devilish about the whole affair. It doesn't develop, though, and there is a feeling of relief when the San Francisco Minstrels push out both mirrors and girls, opening with Birch, Wambold, Bernard and Backus, W. Henry Rice, Charles Templeton, and Cooper & Fields, with their slogan "The trouble begins at 8." It is said that they will run one bill two years, and also that they keep

no accounts, for at the end of every performance they tip the money box on to a table and divide the receipts in four parts. And oh, to hear Dave Wambold sing "She gave me a pretty red rose!"

Opposite is Niblo's Garden, where the Ravel family, pantomimists, gymnasts and great artists—Gabriel, Antoine, Francois and Jerome—are doing "The Green Monster," "Simon's Mishaps," "The Red Gnome" and "White Warrior" and presenting the wonderful boy gymnast "Young America" in "the 3 flying trapeze." They are assisted by Paul Brilliant, Axtell, Martinetti, Marzetti and other fine artists.

The royal Felicità Vestvali preceded them here with "Bel Demonio" and "The Duke's Motto" and at little Niblo's Saloon—an adjunct to the larger theatre—Lotta

(whose name is *not* Charlotte, but Lotta Mignon Crabtree) is kicking up her heels for the first time in New York, in "Nan the Good for Nothing" and "The Pet of the Petticoats," all this within five blocks of where she was born, on Broadway near Astor Place.

JUST above, Mrs. John Wood—Oh, exquisite woman! is doing Planche's "Invisible Prince" at the Olympic, Joseph Jefferson supporting her as the "Infante Furibonde" and screams of laughter accompany his sitting on a large spiked club!

Laura Keene is to give the "Seven Sisters" here with herself as "Diavoline" and Eliza Newton is to stir us later in "The Sleeping Beauty."

At the Winter Garden, Broadway near Bond Street, Mr. and Mrs. Florence are giving an Irish play, "Kathleen Mavourneen" and a farce "Thrice Married," with Florence as "Vivian Ripple" and his wife in six characters. They are to produce "The Ticket of Leave Man" with Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Humphrey Bland, A. H. (Dolly) Davenport, T. J. Hind, James Hagan, Vining Bowers, Mrs. Chanfrau, Fannie Browne, Tom Morris and others.

The summer season here showed Professor J. H. Anderson "The Wizard of the North," in a burlesque called "The Wizard's Tempest"—Emily Thorne as "Miranda"—with the first "advertising curtain" ever seen in this city, and, we hope, the last.

At 720 Broadway, Kelly and Leon's Minstrels are located and doing wonderful work in presenting French opera bouffe—"The Grand Duchess" and "Barbe Bleue," in close imitation of Milles. Aimée and

(Continued on page 268)



Edward Thayer Monroe

#### DOROTHY FRANCIS

This popular cantatrice, who sang last season in the Chicago Opera Company, has been lending her voice and charm this year to the cast of "The Merry Widow" now playing other cities

(Below)

#### PEGGY KURTON

One of the most attractive bits of femininity in "Good Morning, Dearie" is this young actress whose striking resemblance to Billie Burke has been the subject of much discussion. Miss Kurton previously appeared in "Stop, Look, Listen!" with Gaby Delys



White

BEAUTY AND GRACE IN THE THEATRE

# The Actor and His Audience

*Only Those Persons Seated Out In Front Can Be the Real Judges of a Play*

By OTIS SKINNER

IT was, I believe," the poet Chatterton who said of himself, in his own obituary, something to this effect: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." If that could be said of the art of the poet, I think of the art of the actor it would be said that it was writ in the winds of the heavens. It is so evanescent, so intangible and so hard to place in any definite form, with anything like a definite statement. The actor is his own instrument upon which he himself plays. Unless the actor speaks, the instrument must remain mute.

My first attitude toward the production of a play is that of a critic toward the manuscript. It is the manuscript that comes first; the manuscript must first draw my attention—my sympathy—my belief. It must be something that makes me believe that the play is going to succeed. I could not have such an attitude as perhaps some managers may have toward a manuscript: "Here is a play that I think possibly may get over and it's a good gamble. I don't know whether the audience will like it or not. I think it's pretty bad but I will take a chance." Such reasoning could not possibly appeal to me.

MY first requisite of a play is faith. I must have that or I cannot proceed. From the careful perusal and judgment of the manuscript of a play, there presently emerge certain outstanding features. There may be certain nuances that I cannot see at the moment and certain things come up that I think are not effective theatrically. It is my own narrow viewpoint, of course, it is the one-man vision, but from that standpoint I must view all of these little hills that seem to me like excrescences. That's where the blue pencil commences its deadly work.

The next step, after I have gone through this phase, is that of projecting the play for production. What kind of scenes should be used? What sort of lighting? Then comes my attention to the actor at rehearsal, and then is when my spirit commences to rise and to grow rabid and critical, alternately rises and falls, as I yield to the temperamental condition and become hopeful on one day and completely prostrated the next. But when this emotion has passed and I get going, that third condition—the third step—has been passed, and then I have a chance to think of myself. I do not advocate my method—I think it is a very bad one. It is a wrong one from beginning to end and has no virtue in it. But, I confess, it is mine.

We all know that particular kind of manager who says: "Speed her up, boys—chuck a little pep into it!" Well, I can appreciate that kind of stage director who wants a little pep in it. I always feel that we must have what the managers so often refer to as "pep," or else we are not

entertaining—we are not holding our audience.

I AM generally rather reluctant to produce any play in New York City—being the principal city of the country—in the early stages of my performance. I prefer to go out of town and let Syracuse or Buffalo suffer. Not because a play may not be ready, but because it is not ready in its reality—in its firmness—and it has not gone through the crucible of a collaboration between the audience and the actor—because there is where the actor finds defects—where he must begin, and must continue in the collaboration between himself and his audience.

The idea that the theatre should be independent of any-commercialism, finds no very great sympathy in me. The box-office thermometer is the way we have of gauging the universal appeal of a play. I cannot believe that play a proper play—wholly sympathetic—wholly within its province which is to appeal in its humanity, in its feeling, in its power, to a general audience, that leaves the box-office empty and deserted. We have got to have our audiences. It is the audience that teaches us how to act—how to play. It has told me things in days gone by of which I had had no idea.

More illuminative of my point than anything I can think of is an incident going back to the time when I first played in "The Honor of the Family," a play which deals with the character of Philippe Bridau, whom Balzac presents as one of the most despicable characters conceivable. Nothing is too mean that this Colonel Philippe Bridau does not descend to—a man altogether without humor, sordid, grasping and dishonest—a brave man, because he is a soldier who has fought in the Napoleonic wars—yet a man without honor.

AS I read the melodrama—a sordid story of money, of the villain and the villainess, of the hero who comes in and rescues his uncle's millions—I saw a certain spirit, a certain *débonair* quality that the author had given his hero. It seemed to go along in a pleasant way, not making itself particularly felt, so I kept on in the rehearsals with that belief, with that picture of this character in my mind. The play was thoroughly rehearsed and we opened on a gloomy, rainy Saturday night in a little town near the Sound.

Philippe makes his entrance at the end of the first act. A long scene of preparation has been going on between the heavy man and the heroine who is more or less an adventuress. The thing had gotten a little on the nerves of the audience. All the time, references were made to this character of Philippe Bridau and the moments sped. This act was over a half an hour long—still no hero—no star. They turned

to each other and said: "Where is Skinner?" "Is he going to be in the play?" "What's happened?"

Toward the end of the act, after the exposition has been completed and apparently put in successful shape, Philippe goes past a large window in the back. Instead of being the heroic character the audience had imagined, something comes into the room with a shabby hat, a red nose, clothes that have faded and are nearly all the colors of Joseph's coat, a large stick and insolent manner, torn gloves and dirty hands—in fact, the fellow looks more like a comic valentine than a hero. He slams his stick on a large mahogany table and says he wants to see his uncle. They say he can't and he says: "All right. I will go down and smoke a cigar and I'll come back in five minutes. If I can't see him every one of you is going to get out."

THE curtain comes down on his exit with this threat. A yell of laughter went up from the audience and my blood froze. Then I realized. I said: "My God! They think I'm funny!" I had thought it a serious part. Instead, I found I was a comedian. But I didn't know it until the audience told me.

I valued that audience. What would I have been that rainy night unless I had discovered, through my audience, that I had a comic part? When the curtain went up again it rose on continued action. The two paralyzed people on the stage were looking out of the window wondering where this person was who had raised so much cain. Presently he comes back after the lover goes out. The moment I poked my nose inside of that door there was another yell. And remember, it was a rainy night—conditions were not favorable to laughter at all. I discovered before I got through that the main feature, the main attraction and the principal thing that made its appeal to the audience, and made that play an overwhelming success, was the fact that we dealt with a serio-comic character. It was he who had all the situations at his fingers' ends. So it was that bit by bit, and performance by performance, the audience taught me.

Joseph Jefferson once told me an experience of his in playing with Mr. Florence in "The Rivals." It was mooted that a combination could be effective between himself and Mrs. John Drew as Bob Acres and Mrs. Malaprop, and Mr. Florence as Sir Lucius. Feeling that it was rather necessary to give to Mr. Florence every opportunity to score, he felt that he had to be less funny than he ordinarily had been in the duel scene. So, with Sir Lucius on his right and he on the left of the stage—he had to make an exit feeling that his courage was oozing out at his fingers' ends. He had always worked up this scene, he told me, with a great deal of care. He



Evans

Wild exuberance, the rhythm of barbaric dancing, and the clash of savage cymbals, are in this picture of Louise Riley, the Morgan Dancer



Murray

Like a fine modelling in marble and bronze from the hands of a master, is this study of Rosa Rolanda and Chester Hale, the lithe and striking pair whose dancing is one of the features of the Music Box Revue



Murray

Ruth Page, an exquisite little *première danseuse* of the Bolm Ballet Intime, seems to have descended from another world on diaphanous, outspread wings

tried to be awfully funny—he allowed his knees to knock together—he exhibited every form of trepidation. He had worked on this thing very elaborately. In telling the story, he said to me: “Do you know, I thought that Sir Lucius ought to have some chance at this, so I said I’m not going to try to be funny; I said I won’t do anything at all. I just left him there and walked quietly off the stage.

“I found I was funnier than I ever was before, because I didn’t do anything—and the audience laughed more than they ever did.”

And so it goes, as far as the actor is concerned. He may, in his own mind, conceive a character from beginning to end. He may conceive its humanity, its poetic possibilities, its powers, depths of passion and heights of joy, or its moments of in-

timacy and mirth, but he cannot tell until he brings that character before an audience what the effect is going to be.

We could never get along without our audiences and should never place our audiences’ esteem or valuation of our efforts on a level that should be called the “commercializing” of the play. We have got to be popular to that extent. We have got to hold our people, or we are lost.

## When Milady Shops for Seats

By LISLE BELL

PROMPTLY at nine o’clock, the man in the box office opened the window of his cubbyhole, ready for the day’s business.

And exactly at nine o’clock, the cynically-minded man stepped briskly into the lobby and planked a crisp ten-dollar bill down in front of him.

“Give me two for tonight—best you’ve got,” said the cynically-minded man, in an unemotional tone, as though he were buying a collar or possibly a few shares of steel.

He pocketed the tickets and the change (there wasn’t much of the latter), and paused to light a cigar.

“You’re bright and early,” observed the man in the box office, who had an illuminated motto card pasted up beside him, instructing him to “Say Something.”

The cynically-minded man nodded.

“I always am,” he affirmed. “Do you know why? It’s because I’m getting along toward middle age.”

The box office man couldn’t quite see how approaching senility had any connection with the practice of buying theatre tickets in the early morning.

“It’s this way,” the cynically-minded man explained. “I’ve learned that whenever I intend going to the theatre, the only thing to do is to buy my seats before the ladies begin shopping. Nine o’clock is too early for them. By the time they’ve got their hat and veil on, and done all those things to their complexion which I’m not supposed to be aware of, it’s generally eleven or after. I’ve wasted the best years of my life in box office lines, listening to women shop for the matinee, and now the time has come for me to conserve the few remaining years of active life. It’s pleasant watching them, I know, but a man has to think of the future, and you can’t do much thinking of the future when you’re just two or three persons away from the window, and some sweet thing simply can’t make up her mind.”

The box office man nodded, sympathetically.

“I know how it is,” he sighed. “A man comes up—you, for instance—and planks down a bill and asks for seats. But a woman comes up, and first she planks down her gloves, and then she planks down her shopping bag, and a shirt-waist pattern, and some sheet music she’s just bought, and her vanity case. In fact, she planks down everything but her back hair. And all this time, she hasn’t given me an inkling of how many

seats she wants—or for what performance.”

The cynically-minded man had found a kindred soul. He thrust a cigar through the window.

“Smoke?”

“Thanks.”

“D’mention it.”

They communed for a moment in silence.

“It’s exactly as you say,” the cynically-minded man went on, after a time. “And when they come to making change—it’s terrible, isn’t it? They never seem to have any system about their cash. Sometimes it’s one place and sometimes another. And they have to poke around among hairpins, and manicure accessories, and shopping lists, and handkerchiefs! I often wonder what would happen if a woman had to get at her silver in an instant. It simply couldn’t be done.”

“I’ve actually had women discover rings and wrist watches in their handbags that they thought had been lost for weeks,” confided the ticket seller. “And when they do, you can never tell how they will react. Some of them are so overjoyed that you’d really think I helped them find whatever it was that was missing, and others give me such a reproachful look you’d imagine I was to blame for their losing it.”

The cynically-minded man stepped aside as a woman approached the window.

“Good morning,” she said, after she had deposited muff, vanity case and gloves on the ledge. “Have you two good seats for tomorrow night? Is that the best you have? Let me see them, please. Oh, thank you. Half-way back, you say? How many rows is that? Twelve? Oh, mercy, I can’t see from there. You don’t really call those good seats, do you? I’m sure I can’t see from there. But if they’re the best you have—? Absolutely the best? Well, are they in the center or on the side? Which side? Are they on the aisle? I simply *must* have aisle seats. You know how it is, having people crawling over you all the time. I hate to crawl over people’s laps. People’s laps are so big nowadays. All this agitation in favor of reducing doesn’t seem to accomplish much in that region. But then, so many have sedentary habits, that’s what my physician says. Well, I don’t know whether to take these or not. How far back will I have to sit in the center? The nineteenth row—oh, dear! I’m sure I couldn’t enjoy the play from there. And I do so want to enjoy it. That’s what people come for, isn’t it? But

this is such an awful theatre to hear in, anyhow. I suppose you’ve noticed that? Have you anything better for the matinee? How about Tuesday night of next week? How about Wednesday night? Thursday night? How about Friday night? And I suppose you’re all sold out for Saturday. Do you have a matinee on Wednesday or Thursday? Oh, I couldn’t possibly go on Thursday! Isn’t it too bad the matinee is on Thursday? And—oh, I wanted to ask you, is this a musical comedy or a regular comedy? I couldn’t tell from the advertisements, and besides, I don’t care much for musical comedy. Why is it there are so few good plays any more? Nothing but musical comedy. Of course, my husband likes musical shows, but he’s not going with me. In fact, he’s out of town. I’m taking a friend, and she doesn’t care much for musical comedy, either. Only she’s not married. I don’t think she ever will be; some people are like that. Of course, don’t say that I said so. Perhaps I’d better wait and ask her if she’d like to see this show. She’s awfully particular. That’s another reason why she isn’t married—at least, that’s what *she* says! Still, I suppose you’re liable to sell out, aren’t you? You sometimes do. You couldn’t lay these away for me, could you? No, I suppose not. Well, I believe I’d better take them; then I’ll be on the safe side. And how much are they? And does that include the tax? What time does the curtain—?”

“Eight-twenty, madam.”

The box office man’s iron endurance snapped. He seemed years older as the shopper gathered up her possessions and departed.

“You see,” spoke up the cynically-minded man, who had remained a spectator of the scene. “They seem to have no conception of time or eternity. No wonder I look back to wasted years—golden hours that can never be restored. What the theatres ought to do is to have separate box offices—one for the men and one for the women. Then the men can transact their business and move on, and the women can shop, chat, and enjoy themselves. It’s the only way to—”

“Pardon me,” a feminine voice interrupted the cynically-minded man’s exposition, “but as soon as you’re quite finished gossiping, I’d like to buy a couple of seats.”

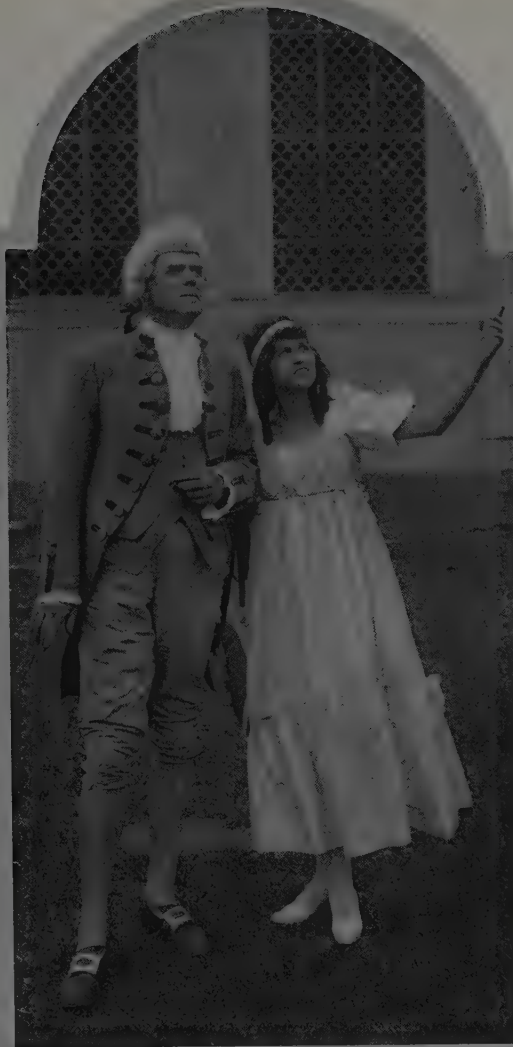
The cynically-minded man remembered an important engagement. He looked at his watch, and departed hurriedly.

# THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE

(Right)

A scene showing Thomas Jefferson and his daughter, in "The Shadow of the Builder," a pageant written by Frances O. J. Gaither for the University of Virginia



(Below)

Students from the Mississippi State College for Women, "borrowed" by the University of Virginia for their pageant, "The Shadow of the Builder", appeared in group dances directed by Emma Ody Pohl



THE CENTENNIAL PAGEANT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

# Centennial Pageant of the University of Virginia

By FRANCIS O. J. GAITHER

WHEN the University of Virginia asked me to write and plan the pageant for its centennial, I was given to understand that the community reactions which are the desire of all honest pageants were not a sufficient ideal. The University wished to stress the finish of the production itself. It would not in short be content with social good intentions, but wished to attempt art as well. This was quite in accord with the tradition of the place. Thomas Jefferson, having fathered a conception of education so democratic as to be looked on by many as revolutionary took infinite pains that his university should be housed in beauty. Still, it was hardly to be expected that an amateur production, staged a single time within cramped limits as to time and money by humans prone to mistakes under such harassing limitations, could indeed achieve the dreamed-of in its various expressions of drama, dance, chorus, and spectacle. The university must have recognized all that. But, it seemed to say to me, we can attempt it, we can at least make our gesture toward the stars."

THE SHADOW OF THE BUILD-  
ER" was played at night in the McIntyre Amphitheatre, used for the first time at the centennial. Simplicity was our prime aim, and I believe we grasped it, however else we may have only gestured. The appeal to the eye lay solely in shifting masses of people that moved always before the austere *skene* in light of melting gradations of color. The costumes, of the simplest materials, were for the most part made and dyed at the university. It had been necessary to add to the amphitheatre long shallow steps to allow the action to flow freely between masonry terrace and sodded bowl. But there were no stage furnishings of any sort except an unfinished Corinthian capital of coarse stone at the center of things.

That rough capital set down in the midst of the finished loveliness of the amphitheatre focused the moving lines of color and action as did the altar when the Greeks worshipped their gods in drama. Indeed, so like a Greek altar did that stone seem that it actually became one in our pageant. It could do so quite logically, we thought, because the legend of that old discarded stone infuses it with a sort of holiness to all the university.

The history, altogether true, of the unfinished capital is this: Thomas Jefferson, in conflict with apathy and ignorance on every hand, first imported Italian artisans to carve his capitals properly. The experiment, heartbreakingly, covered a term of years and finally came to nothing, defeated

by the coarseness of the stone. Then Jefferson, conceding the expensiveness of this mistake as another item in the mounting toll of extravagance which the populace was busily jotting down against him, and even admitting to himself delayed fruition which at his age was tragic, then asked the Board of Visitors to order for the stately colonnade capitals of marble from Carrara.

That, in brief, made the "story" of the pageant, the action confined in a single day, and woven through it, not as interludes but as an inherent part of the narrative, the visions of youth which may be supposed to have strengthened Jefferson in the face of enemies and even of his own weakness. The visions were Greek, fairly, it seemed, since Jefferson chose the Greek medium for expressing concretely his university; and they were not allegories. They were boys, trooping about at Socrates' heels; or howling in mobs at their games on the green; or, singly, bewitched by moonlight and maidens. It was they who made an altar of the rough stone, two of them standing with Socrates at a moment near the heart of the pageant and praying with uplifted hands for "beauty in my inward soul." Later the altar was baptized with sacred flame and the torches of all the host of youths kindled from it.

PERHAPS it would have been natural in a university where co-education is so new that needles are scarcer than hen's teeth, to rent all costumes. But most theatrical costumers have a penchant for tunics with sewed-in sleeves and gathered skirts; and from the first the mute stone protested violently. We consulted, through the medium of scholars, the modistes and tailors of ancient Athens and even perused the fashion designs on urns and vases. Chitons, we saw, were simple, caught together on one shoulder or both and merely tied in at the waist; and himations were all of one pattern though various in size. Infinite changes of effect in line were to be achieved through draping. Sometimes, for instance, the folds of the himation were held in place by the left hand, sometimes anchored by an expert twist. We decided to roll our own.

The host of youths went bare-legged in chitons of unbleached domestic girdled with a twist of cheese-cloth, flame-colored like their sandal straps. Their capes, short and slung from one shoulder like those of the ephebes, were of soft deep blue lined with flame. These mantles, as well as the varicolored, ampler ones of the older men, were all of outing dyed in a pleasant range of mellow colors by the chemistry department. Outing, we found, takes light, in addition to dye, in a manner that leaves little to

be desired. The group designed to be "flowingly suggestive" of Raphael's School of Athens was comely both in color and line.

The electrical engineering department assumed the lighting as a "problem" and achieved a result difficult to resolve now into separate recollections. There were no spotlights, no footlights, no machine in the middle of the audience spurting lightnings to disconcert illusion. The sources were quite concealed in flanking buildings, and the light flowed down graded meltingly. The pleasantest color-memory is of a frieze dance, Phryic, inspired by the poses in the pediment of the temple to Athena at Aegina. Flat against the masonry wall, the light-artist threw reddened shadows of the dancers, but he let no red stain their severe blue chitons or white limbs. He did it, he said, by dropping his colored light in at an angle different from that of the light which showed the dancers themselves and made their shadows.

Miss Emma Ody Pohl, director of the pageant, composed this dance and all the other group dances, working direct from pictures of the pediment mentioned and from vase drawings. The first dance, a conceit in attitudes, might have been Keats' urn come alive.

WE tried to use all the possibilities of the amphitheatre itself. The host of youths and the concourse attending Lafayette came and went through the aisles of the bowl; and the spectacle moments, all filled both the masonry terrace and the green circle. The acoustics are good, and so we counted on drama in our pageant. The parts of Jefferson, Lafayette, Madison, Monroe, Cabell, the functionaries of the new university, the Italian stone-carver, the annoying voter, and Socrates were were played with distinction by professors.

Did we, then make no mistakes, no compromises? We did. Heartbreaking ones. The splendid host, so long conceived as vocal, shouted lustily enough at the games, but when the moment came to sing, many hundred strong, "Hail heroes hail!" why they were still, and the choral singing was done by a mixed chorus hidden behind the orchestra. And we had other disappointments. But we prefer to enumerate compensations. For instance: although I had platted the gelatinized glass and then worked out the costume designs in water-colors tested out in the model theatre, yet I never had completely visualized the harmony animate at last in the real amphitheatre. Those red shadows were a surprise gift from the light-artist. And in the builders' chorus, who but a musician could have realized

(Continued on page 274)



"Pomander Walk", produced out-of-doors by the Pasadena Community Playhouse, at Brookside Park, was given a delightfully realistic setting, the natural beauty of the countryside being utilized for scenic effect

# Organizing a Community Playhouse

By GILMOR BROWN

Director, Pasadena Community Playhouse

CONTEMPORARY community drama, as a civic enterprise, must not be confused with amateur dramatics of the past. To understand the mighty non-professional play-producing activity that is sweeping the land today, it is necessary to get this distinction fixed firmly in mind—that amateur theatricals, as such, are usually the expression of a limited or exclusive group; while community drama means the democracy of art, with the open-door policy applied to the playhouse.

For years, American drama has been practically abandoned to commercialism, in which form it is generally referred to as the theatre. Through the medium of the community playhouse activity, an earnest effort is being made once more to re-establish mimetic art as an expression of, for and by the people.

We keep the thought before Pasadena always that our community playhouse as a civic enterprise is not in competition with any other local amusement projects any more than the public library is with the bookstores. A statement on our program reads:

"Our community player—your fellow townsmen—are amateurs in the best sense of the word, as they play for the love of it rather than as a business. The plays they give are merely incidental to the deeper purpose of the organization, which is to provide opportunity for self-expression in the varied arts of the theatre, latent in all of us, as well as to bring people together in joyful cooperation for their own entertainment.

"In the community playhouse, the audience is as much a part of the play as the players. All genuine art (not dilletantism but the reflection of nature and the natural) has its origin in the people. The Pasadena

Community Playhouse Association exists for the sole purpose of helping to develop it. It is a non-profit organization, operated on a strictly non-commercial basis."

"Anything but exclusive, the Community Playhouse Association welcomes as members ALL who would participate in or encourage the communal endeavors for which it stands."

SO much for the gist of what community drama has come to mean in Pasadena, as an institution, after four years of work along this line. While many subscribe to its support both financially and by active participation, we still have some Brahmins in our midst who stand off and doubt or

patronizingly tolerate us. For as of old it was inconceivable that good could come out of Nazareth—but to return to our muttons!

There is hardly an incorporated town today that hasn't one or more persons who have been "sold" on the idea of community drama. They may have tried to start something of the sort and failed or they don't know how to proceed to work out the idea. Speaking out of our own experience, I would suggest that the first step is to call together a group of public-spirited citizens. Submit to them the community playhouse project and adopt a plan of action. This may vary in slight details, according to the composition of your population. But in the main, it will be the same everywhere, since the general average of human beings is pretty much the same, from coast to coast.

The matter of drawing up a constitution and by-laws should be assigned to a competent committee. Next you need a committee to arrange for holding a public meeting to which everyone interested is invited. In community drama, if you hope to succeed, you must get away from all exclusiveness, for it isn't to be a dramatic club or a society affair. Then, you need a nominating committee to submit recommendations for the first set of officers. A wise selection is imperative, representing the various elements of your town, because you want to enlist general interest and support.

If you give due publicity to your organization meeting, it will attract a miscellaneous lot of people, from all walks of life, for fondness for dramatics will be found in street-sweeper and society matron, as well as the whole gamut between. If

(Continued on page 276)



Gilmore Brown, Director of the Community Playhouse at Pasadena



The Fireside Players' lovely setting for "Torches," Kenneth Raisbeck's romantic play of the Fifteenth century. The scene is the upper terrace of a Florentine Castle, with Elizabeth M. Clark as "Gismonda."

## Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Incorporated

A NORTH shore and a south shore circuit booking plays from one Long Island town to another throughout Nassau County, New York, is the method by which the Nassau Dramatic League is placing its activities on a county basis.

Prizes of money are to be awarded in September for the first three best plays produced by local groups. The contest runs through April and the best ten productions will be acted in the semi-finals in May when a choice of five of the plays will be made for large public production at the League's Little Theatre in Mineola during Fair Week in the early fall. This Nassau County Play Contest, inaugurated by the Dramatic League last December, has aroused a big amount of local interest and dramatic activity all during the winter and early spring.

The contest is limited to one act and

includes a play, pantomime, or a one act selection from a long play or musical comedy. Any local amateur group is eligible. The plays will be judged from the standpoints of literary value, dramatic technique and production. The judges are as follows: Mrs. C. E. L. Clark, Hempstead; Mrs. James S. Larkin, Locust Valley; Mrs. Wm. Stanley Eckert, Garden City; Mr. G. C. Gourdeau, Glen Cove; Mrs. Herman Pallme, Rockville Centre; Mr. Miller Kent, Port Washington. Substitute: Mr. F. Prentice Abbot. At least three judges will be present at the initial performances and all judges will be present at semi-finals and finals. Registration is by card which may be obtained from Miss Sue Ann Wilson at Mineola or through written application. There is a registration fee of five dollars. The money collected from fees will be used for the prizes and to

defray traveling expenses of the judges. One fee entitles a group to present more than one play. The Finance Committee comprises: Mr. A. J. Hans, Locust Valley; Mr. G. C. Gourdeau, Glen Cove; and Mr. I. E. Southworth, Boy Scouts, Mineola.

THE Nassau Dramatic League, organized by the people of Nassau County with the assistance of Sue Ann Wilson, is comprised of eighteen Long Island communities together with representations of the Y. W. C. A., National League of Girls' Clubs, Boy Scouts, and other organizations active in that section. It is a non-partisan, democratic organization formed to develop dramatics in Nassau County, raise standards of production and give assistance to local groups.

A series of plays was given during the  
(Continued on page 270)

## The Fireside Players

Road Breaking Work of a Little Group of Amateur Actors in White Plains, N. Y.

TO START at the very fountain source of English drama and travel in ways of the theatre down the ages, producing significant examples of each succeeding type of play—this is a reach that may seem beyond the grasp of a group of amateur players. Or else it may seem too "high-brow"—does that not really mean dull?—for public consumption, and the players may dread perhaps, exit of their audience.

How does such an ambitious plan actually work out? As done by The Fireside

Players of White Plains, New York, it has so far worked out amazingly well. Their productions of this season of early miracle and morality plays and interludes as the first step in the historic cycle, have aroused enthusiastic interest throughout Westchester County. They are being presented in the new community theatre of the White Plains Meeting House.

"There is much that appealed to the 15th century audience that can also delight and amuse a present day audience,"

said Elizabeth Odlin Whittemore. Mrs. Whittemore, G. F. Michelbacher and Blanche H. Lamb are the directors of The Fireside Players. "Take, for instance, 'The Second Shepherd's Play,'" Mrs. Whittemore continued, "its perfectly delicious humor and the clean-cut, quaintly drawn characters! Why that play, with certain omissions will please an audience to the end of time. Of course it has to be cut in spots—but this can be done without  
(Continued on page 270)



Ira L. Hill

# F A S H I O N

**PITY** the poor people who moan that life grows more complex every day. Of course it do . . . but how much more amusing at the same time. Think, for instance, of those dull old days when the winter season was considered the only possible one for wearing furs and when, therefore, there was no excuse for purchasing such an enhancing background for a summer evening gown as this summer fur which enfolds the beautiful bloneness of Miss Kathlyn Martin. It has always been a toss-up in our minds as to whether chinchilla or ermine were the more glorifying, but we incline to chinchilla as being the "rarer" and the more exclusive. Model from A. Jaekel & Company.

# FROCKS FROM "THE NATIONAL ANTHEM"



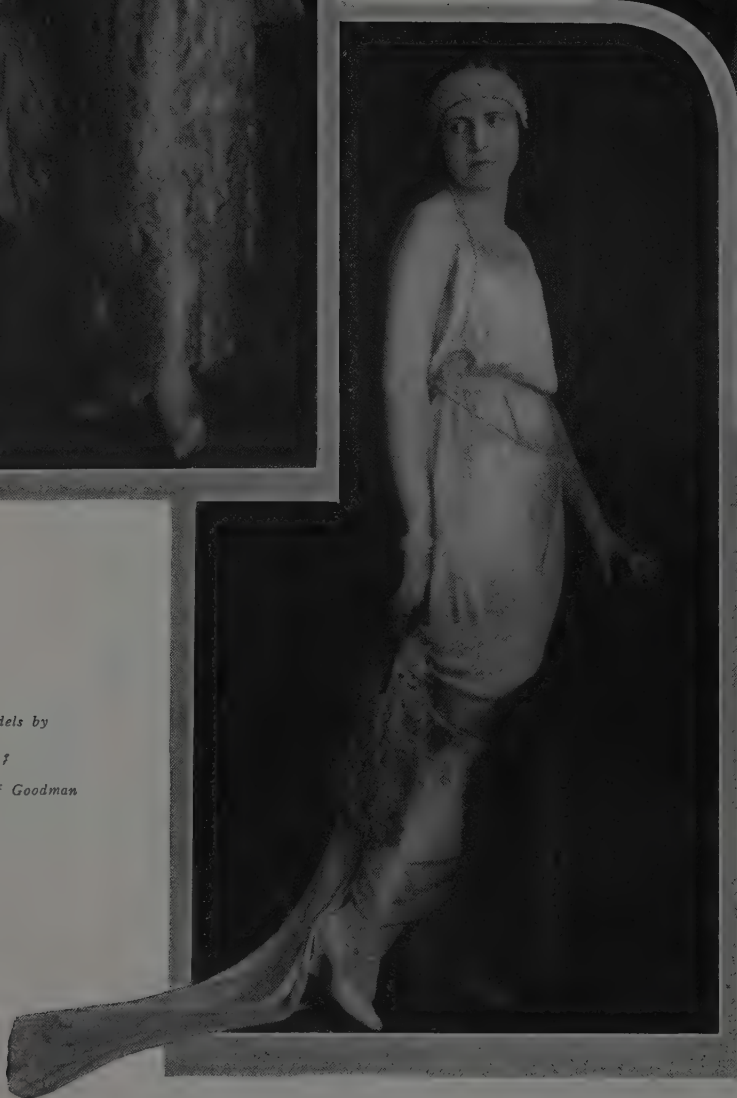
Silver grey lace and green accessories make a charming harmony for Laurette Taylor in "The National Anthem." Grey velvet forms the elbow length sleeves (an individual preference of Miss Taylor's) and a short cape of the lace swings full from the shoulders. The green appears in the two beautifully carved jade combs in Miss Taylor's hair, in the jade necklace and bracelets, and in a green fan



For a country club "jazz" this is the smart regalia as Laurette Taylor wears it: A frock of deep tan crepe with collar and cuffs of ecru-tinted net and val; a sleeveless jacket—emphasis again on sleeveless things—of brown serge; an accompanying cape of brown and yellow stripes. Add—brown calf slippers, brown stockings, and a soft brown felt chapeau

Models by

Bergdorf Goodman



As a most perfect and striking example of an all-white costume we offer this of Lillian Kemble Cooper's. The frock is of white satin, with a long string of pearls caught through the belt in an amusing and novel arrangement of Miss Cooper's own, there is a pearl bandeau around her dark hair and pearl bracelets

Victor Georg

# SLEEVELESS, OR EXCEEDINGLY SLEEVED, SAYS FASHION



For Grace Moore of "Up in the Clouds," Gidding has furnished a robe in time of old blue crepe satin and two old blue tassels that spells luxury and simplicity at the same time. The subtle Grecian drapery of it forms lovely and voluminous and gracefully swaying wing sleeves.

Isn't it fetching, this sleeveless Dresden tafeta frock of Miss Moore's! The nose-gays scattered over the silk are in pinks and blues with touches of black on the stems, the little lace ruffles being of black Chantilly and the flower girdle in pink and blue.



White Studios

Models from J. M. Gidding



And here we are sleeved again, very much so! Miss Moore's frock is of black crepe with wide peasant sleeves of red, the intense note of color that Paris insists on. The turban is of silk eponge and peasant embroideries in reds and greens and old gold.

MARIE DORO'S  
NEW YORK  
APARTMENT



Photo White Studio

The charm of the living room lies in its warmth of coloring. Rich brown velvet curtains at the windows with under curtains of orange lacquer taffeta, easy chairs of orange velvet—one with a gay covering of chintz—and on the large oak table, two colorful Chinese vase-lamps, with glowing yellow parchment shades, all contribute their quota to a harmonious ensemble. Old Spanish occasional tables, and a fascinating Old Spanish desk in carved and inlaid walnut and olive wood, lend added interest to the room.

The entrance hall, with white and mahogany trim and scenery wall paper is decorated in the Colonial manner



Two Venetian glass vases in dull purple furnish a note of color to the black marble mantel, its sombre tone being a striking foil for the large davenport in orange velvet, with its cushions embroidered in purple and jade-green.

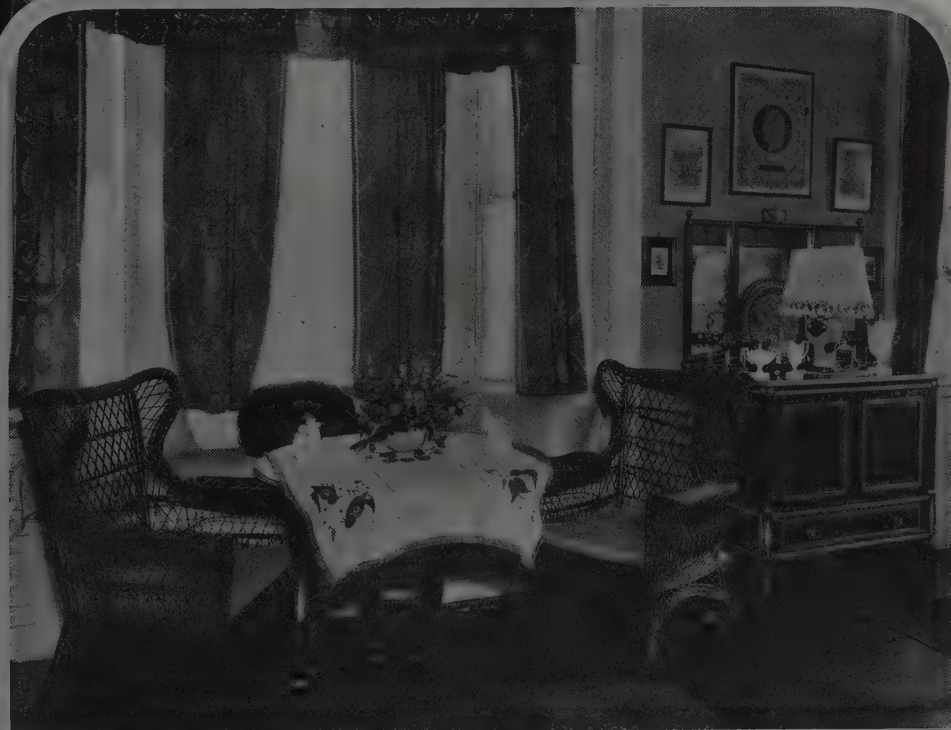
Decorations by  
Chamberlin Dodds



Perhaps the gem of Miss Doro's interesting collection, is an eighteenth century Italian bed in green and gold, with painted medallions in soft colorings, the beauty of which is enhanced, if that were possible, by its covering of old yellow damask.



Two lovely old chairs, gay with medallions of painted flowers stand guard at the entrance to the breakfast room.



Yellow and black, the prevailing color note in the breakfast room, is carried out in the yellow walls and black carpet, and in the window hangings and other appointments.

# The Promenades of Angelina

She "First-nights" to Mme. Pierre, and Discusses Fads and Fashions with Edwin and Tubby

Drawings by Artel

EDWIN sat on one side of me at the *première* of the delicious "Mme. Pierre". Tubby sat on the other. In the row in front of us sat a pretty woman in the regulation dinner and theatre frock of the moment that almost amounts to a uniform . . . that is, the black dress with *bateau* neckline and without any sleeves. You see it everywhere . . . half the smart women within our range of vision were wearing one . . . but for circumstances, I myself would have been.



Fashion continues to favor the sleeveless black satin frock for dinner and the theatre . . . and the "partial bob," with small knot at the back and front locks cut short and curling tenderly is seen on a few exclusives.

Then up spoke Edwin as follows: "Angelina, why do all the women wearing these sleeveless gowns let that pink ribbon strap of their camisoles" (Edwin has sisters, but then all modern young men toss around the intimate terms of women's dress with that easy sophistication) "slip out and show? Personally it bothers me . . . effects me like 'matter out of place' . . . But I trust I'm nothing if not galant, and if you'll tell me how I'm intended to react I'll oblige the dear ladies. . . Is the slipped strap supposed to be tempting or are they just careless?"

"Where?" said Tubby eagerly, sitting up and taking notice.

"In front," said Edwin. "And over there on the side. . . And there . . . most anywhere. Use your eyes, old man."

Tubby was. . . I opened mine wide at him . . . he was really very much intrigued . . . having such a good time staring at the flock of pink ribbons. I turned to Edwin.

"I really don't know, Edwin," I answered. "Perhaps it's just a slip. And then again it may be with the purpose of allure for those gentlemen of a former generation who weren't surfeited with as many glimpses of legs and *lingerie* in their youth as you sophisticated young things."

Tubby's frightfully sweet. . . He never minds one's ragging him. But he certainly was intrigued . . . no question. . . Secretely I agree with Edwin. The present sleeveless fashion is so charming, the white of one's arm stands out so contrastingly and dressily against the black of the satin . . . but that strip of pink falling down spoils the line . . . the effect . . . doesn't need to be. I want to go and push it up. Still there was the other point of view . . . Tubby's . . . that just that dash of pink gave a touch . . . a lure."

When you start to put on your sleeveless gown after this—and advance information from the recent Paris opening says they are to continue to be the thing for spring, it's either all sleeve or none at all—you can decide whether you wish to arrange yourself for the Tubbys or the Edwins. .

Sometimes I think there is nothing in the world so powerful as Fashion. . . . Tubby and Edwin agreed. . . . We wondered the scientists hadn't long ago classed it as one of the instincts. . . If those people who want to reform women and their clothes could only realize that, said Tubby, and make their attack from that angle! Just as well they don't perhaps. .



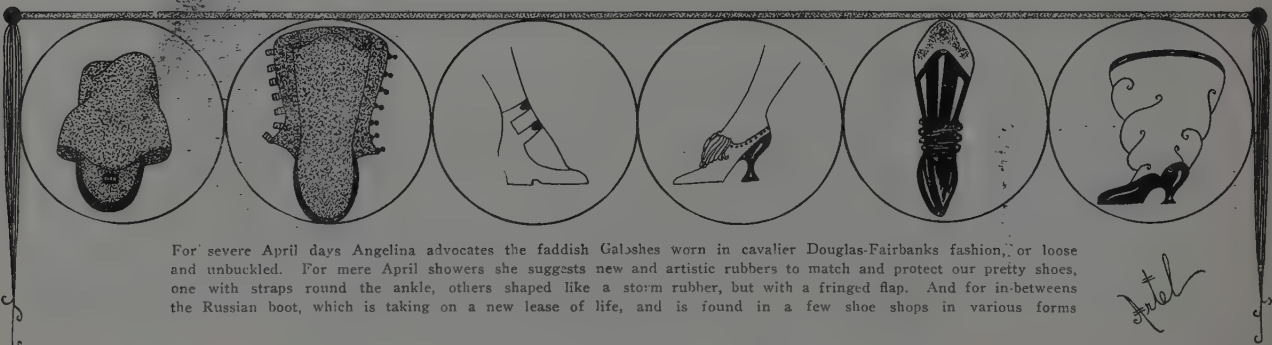
The proper bouquet must be Victorian, corn flower combina of paper lace, colored roses and was tossed to Bori from a box opening night of

quiet for a "prom-mannered, Mid posed of different tions, with frills This, of cream-lilies-of-the-valley "snowmaiden" at the Met, the "Snegourochka".

They might put over all sorts of horrors. . and then again it isn't so simple a matter to get a Fashion going.

The quickest way is through some actor or actress. Take this fashion of the Galoshes that is now rampant in New York. . . They say that the adored Douglas Fairbanks and his d'Artagnan boots in "The Three Musketeers" started that. But I say that he only started the fad for wearing the Galoshes unbuckled and flopping. It was Irene Castle who really started the

(Continued on page 258)



For severe April days Angelina advocates the faddish Galoshes worn in cavalier Douglas-Fairbanks fashion, or loose and unbuckled. For mere April showers she suggests new and artistic rubbers to match and protect our pretty shoes, one with straps round the ankle, others shaped like a storm rubber, but with a fringed flap. And for in-betweens the Russian boot, which is taking on a new lease of life, and is found in a few shoe shops in various forms

# Irene Bordoni endorses

## Hinds <sup>Honey and Almond</sup> Cream

JB

Mr. A. S. Hinds and Co  
Portland

Received of Hinds Honey Almond  
Cream Trial set in letter  
& bottle sent. Very kind  
of you. Love et al.  
Irene Bordoni  
with sincere thanks  
and admiration  
Irene Bordoni

JB

A. S. Hinds Co.,  
Portland

Gentlemen -

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream  
is truly excellent. I have used it, am  
always using it, and will always use it.  
A thousand thanks and good  
wishes.

(Signed) Irene Bordoni

*Lauriaton*



Photograph of Miss Bordoni  
by Charlotte Fairchild

MISS IRENE BORDONI, charmingly piquant French comedienne, exemplifies exquisitely the beauty of soft, velvety, healthy skin resulting from consistent use of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. To soften, cleanse, purify the skin and keep it healthy, is the distinctive quality of this fragrant, snow-white, liquid emollient. A few drops applied night and morning, and before and after exposure, keep skin and complexion in perfect condition—clear, smooth, vibrant with life and natural beauty.

HINDS WEEK-END BOX contains six trial size packages of the fascinating Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites—pure, fragrant, refined, beneficial. Charmingly boxed in old rose. 50c. Postpaid.

Ask your dealer for Hinds Cream Superior Toilet Requisites, but if not obtainable, order from us. We will send postpaid in the U. S. and guarantee satisfaction.

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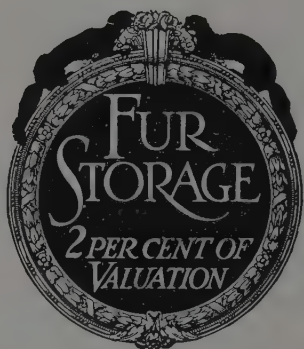


# SPRING AND SUMMER FURS

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## The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD



WE HAVE just returned from a *rendezvous* with Mme. Helena Rubinstein. Mme. Rubinstein but recently came back from Paris where she went to open a very wonderful new laboratory. And the delightful beauty tips she has brought from that city of light . . . as well as the means of producing the effects!

First of all, you must know, the Parisian is using blue crayon on her eyes instead of black or brown. Not alone for the shadows around them—such as the French woman has always fancied—but for the actual eyelashes themselves. So Mme. Rubinstein has blue crayon pencils and compacts for this purpose. She says the blue gives “the softest appearance to the eye especially in the evening.”

“The Parisian distinguishes,” says Mme. Rubinstein, “between make-up for the day and for the evening. She uses, too, different powders and rouges in the summer from those she does in the winter.”

We talked about rouges. Mme. Rubinstein has been specializing in them for months and has brought them to a fine science. Three in particular she fetched from Paris . . . they are all the rage there. One is a brick-pink for dark, Oriental types, one a dark crimson, and the other a marvellous flame color that everyone, blonde or brunette, can use with devastating effect.

“It is a wonderful rouge,” declares Mme. Rubinstein, “so fresh and glowing and natural. And the Parisian, at present, has abandoned her favorite pallor and is going in strongly for more color.”

These three are cream rouges. . . We agreed on a preference for them. Of course there will always be certain places where one must use a compact, but for a real natural make-up that does not harden contours, nor spoil the texture of the skin give us cream rouges and loose powder.

Mme. Rubinstein had also brought back from Paris some of the most fascinating vanity-boxes. There was a tin lacquered one for the motor. There was a small, flat and oval, green-and-gold-brocade one for evening. There were silver-gilt adorables, about the size of a child's small wooden playing-block, and yet containing all the necessities of perfume and lip-stick and blue crayon pencil and powder.

\* \* \* \*

Modern dress has made a depilatory of one sort or another an absolute necessity. The need hits you somewhere, even if you are only going in for thin chiffon sleeves.

So it is interesting to tell about a preparation that many actresses are finding more than satisfactory. Marion Davies, for instance, endorses it over her own signature. So does Wilda Bennett of “The Music Box Review.” Both say they “are delighted with it” . . . “that it is far superior to the ordinary depilatory, to shaving, or electricity.”

Mme. Berthe, the originator of this hair-removing process—she feels she should not be classed as a depilatory, because it is different—has been working on the problem of eliminating hair from every part of the skin for the past ten years and has now brought it to a perfection. Other methods of removing hair, the average depilatory, the razor, only bring back again, stronger and coarser than ever, because the surface hairs have merely been burned off, and the root has not been reached. The trick with this method—the application warm of a scientifically prepared compound—that the pores are opened and the roots reached and eradicated, too. It is claimed that the first application of the preparation will entirely destroy future growth immediately, but with each one the hair grows less, until finally all of it disappears. We are sure it would interest you to see one of Mme. Berthe's booklets.

(For the address of Mme. Berthe, or for further particulars about this hair-removing process, write *The Vanity Box*, care *The Theatre Magazine*, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.)



# Cashmere Bouquet

IN CRINOLINE DAYS, this fragrant toilet soap was set apart as the choice of the gentlewoman. Its traditional refinement adds just that quality which the gentlewoman of today favors.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK

Large size cake 25c  
Medium size 10c  
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# Gidding

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A Corner of the French Salon

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THE GIDDING Business concerns itself with things which are so distinctly personal that it is altogether appropriate that the building in which it is conducted should be personal,—unstore-like.

Many of our patrons tell us they find very distinct comfort in the simplicity and privacy of the Gidding Salons,—that seeing things here is a good deal like having them sent home to look over.

Which is as we would have it —



Gowns  
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Tailleurs  
Furs  
Hats

Paris Novelties

Palm Beach Salons—Royal Poinciana Grounds

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA WASHINGTON CINCINNATI

## The Promenades of Angelina

(Continued from page 254)

fad itself. I know she was the first one I saw wearing them . . . two winters ago . . . after a big snowstorm. I thought how smart and sensible she looked and hating like a cat myself to wet my feet I proceeded to go and buy a pair likewise (they weren't easy to find at the time, either) and was unmercifully guyed by everybody, especially by the women who wouldn't then have thought it possible to go out in the rain or snow without their open-work silk stockings and thin shoes. And now we are all frightfully sensible and hygienic in woolen stockings and sport shoes and . . . the Galoshes. Of course you know the ritual that has developed in connection with them? That buckled neatly you are supposed to be married or engaged . . . and that flopping and cavalier-like you are heart-and-care-free.

Tubby likes them best that swash-buckling way. It's charming, he says, to see the slender silk-stockinged legs of the young girls rising from the folds of the arctics like the stems of flowers turned upside down. . .

Now I'm starting a fad on my own account. I told Edwin and Tubby about it and they thought it a corking idea. If we may be smart and yet sensible in galoshes (there are some that are particularly new and good in dark brown to go with brown clothes, have you seen them?) why may we not be smart as well as sensible with overshoes. Galoshes are too warm for the summer, yet we should have protection for our pretty shoes . . . once you get a shoe wet it's never the same again. . . But rubbers are so un-smart, aren't they? Yes, what they give us are . . . but can't you imagine rubbers that need not be stupid and awkward. . . I can easily. In fact I *have* . . . not only imagined, but originated and had made a pair. They are to go with my new "baby doll" pumps. "Baby dolls" are the newest note for spring . . . they have flat heels

and a strap buckled about the ankle like a doll's . . . the name, in fact, explains them. All around the edge of mine runs a narrow foxing with white dots and I have had overshoes made to match the pumps exactly, they have straps that buckle about the ankle and a foxing of white dots just as on the pumps, (you may see them in the third circle at the bottom of page 254 also next to the suggestion for a pair of storm rubbers with fringed flaps) in fact the rubbers look just as smart as the shoes and yet the latter are completely protected.

You can't think though the way I had to pull to get those rubbers made . . . at first they said it would be absolutely impossible . . . it couldn't be done. But I kept at it and there they are. . . Of course they cost a pretty penny, too, but made to individual order that was worth it. But I am trusting that some shoe man is soon going to see the light, and give us quantities of lovely smart rubbers just as they have our shoes. . . And it won't worry me that incidentally he will make lots of money out of us at the same time. I am full of ideas for these smart rubbers . . . ones brown for brown shoes (try and them at present) grey for grey, white . . . with touches of color to match our colored rain umbrellas. . . nothing gaudy just enough to take the curse off. . .

For the further adornment of feet some of the smart specialty shops are offering the Russian boots in several different forms. One is in patent leather with a band of grey or tan kid at the top, plain ornamented with a cut-out design in the patent leather. Another type is a patent leather shoe part and leather tops of soft undressed kid. I think they're frightfully fetching with Russian-looking clothes, only they positively *must not* be worn with longer skirts.

### PLAYS BY CLEMENCE DANE

In our February issue, we printed excerpts from "A Bill of Divorcement," by Miss Clemence Dane, and in our March issue there appeared excerpts with pictures from her

drama in blank verse entitled "The Shakespeare." Miss Dane's plays and novels are published in this country by The Macmillan Company, New York.

### NEW VICTOR RECORDS

That immortal air from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" where Zerlina consoles her husband, bruised by Don Giovanni, is Lucrezia Bori's to sing for a Victor Record in March. It is fresh, pure and gracious, sung throughout in soft, fluent, pearly tones. Towards the close there is a happy touch where the music seems to flutter, as the heart of a woman under emotion.

Those who love the art of singing quite as much for itself as for the beauty of the song will appreciate the new Victor Record by Giuseppe DeLuca for March, "Ultima Rose" (Lonely Rose) is a song of simple and tender emotion, with prolonged legato passages which reveal the artist's perfect technique and mastery of the difficult breath control.



# COTY

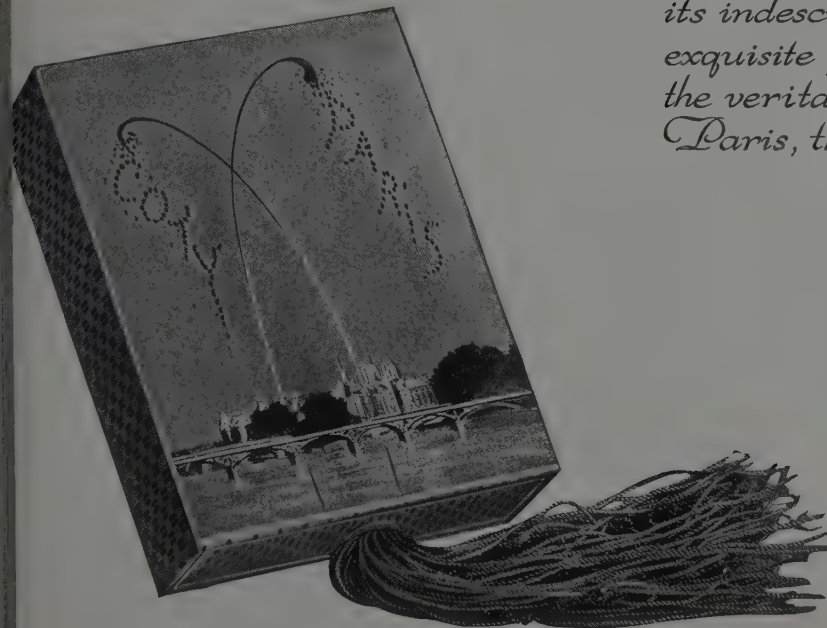
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*The new COTY creation*



*The fascination of Paris—the vivid brilliant personality of the city of gay courage—it breathes its indescribable allure in the exquisite perfume "PARIS," the veritable spirit essence of Paris, the city.*

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Miss Taylor Wears Bergdorf-Goodman Clothes Exclusively

Paris Couturiers and our own designing rooms have produced a wonderfully beautiful collection of sport clothes, tailored suits, costumes for day wear, evening gowns, street coats and sport capes.

Ready-to-Wear, \$85 up  
Made-to-Order, \$200 up

**BERGDORF  
GOODMAN**  
616 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK

## MRS. BLABB GOES TO THE MATINEE

(Concluded from page 226)

poor fellow had something the matter with his knee. He would be about to offer a funny remark to Maryland Miller or someone when his knee would relapse and he would fall implacable to the floor and the audience would laugh mercilessly.

"How cruel, how terrible, how insecure is the laughter of an audience!

"This poor man must lie there with an unlocated knee and hear that bursting laughter while probly his heart was aching because the joint in his knee is no longer the self-respecting place it used to be. I don't know what is the matter with Mr. Lee O'Nerroll's knee but maybe it could be treated the way they fix old apple trees and stuff them with concrete. On one of the other hands, as the saying is, if Mr. Lee O'Nerroll doesn't know himself what the matter is he should remember that in these Prohibition days they is water water everywhere and some of it may have got on his knee. Anyway, I hope he will soon recover his standing position on the stage and in the meantime, he should remember the little song that Maryland Miller sings at him during the curtain fall of the first act which is a story or ancient legend to the effect that scientific minds have discovered after many attempts that they is a silver lining to every

cloud, but you got to make a detour to find it. Of course, I know it hard for Lee O'Nerroll to make a detour with four cylinders missing, one knee; but *nil desperados*, as the good book says, some day that knee will get well and then he'll have the laugh on the audience.

"In 'Sally,' formally of the Alhambra they is another young man which is well begroomed, attractive to the eye, and populous with the audience. He is entitled of the name of Waller Caleyet, no doubt of western plaid parentage during his nativity. He wears a pair of tortoise-stone glasses, concealing most of what he promised to be at one time a handsome young face, but he is so full of jokes and witty sayings that it would be easy to forgive him even if he wore red, white and blue gaiters—which he would if he knew where to buy them. Waller adds to the evening's enjoyment by shaking a mean hoof, and he has a pleasant oblong voice that makes friends wherever he goes.

"But, Mumma!" inquired Minerva "what is the story of the play? You haven't told us."

"Story!" echoed Mrs. Blabb, "Hush! I don't know; I never had time to bother about the story while I'm enjoying the play."



## BEHIND THE SCENES WITH BELASCO

(Concluded from page 230)

leaves, to return to the quiet apartment hotel where he resides. It is a touching fact that in this hotel Mr. Belasco has kept for years the rooms which his daughter Augusta occupied when she was alive. They remain untouched, just as she left them. Mr. Belasco attends no social, or political functions, he has no recreations, he eschews all entertainment. He does, however, attend plays, not only all the Broadway productions of a season, but all sorts of little out of the way theatres, foreign or American, where he is ever on the lookout for new talent. He is a devoted art collector, and in his studio on the top of the Belasco Theatre is gathered a rare and priceless collection of books, paintings, and china, also the Napoleonic treasures. Each article in this collection Mr. Belasco has chosen, and remembers. His collection also of stage relics is of great value.

Mr. Belasco, in rehearsal, the producer; Mr. Belasco at his desk, the playwright; Mr. Belasco before his easel, the artist, the scene designer, yet not all these complete the maestro.

There still remains the man, inscrutable, benign, the mystic. No one ever knows Mr. Belasco. One may shake his hand, one may talk with him, one may feel as everyone does the magnetism of his personality, but no one is more friendly, more sympathetic. His face shines with humor, yet always there is a reserve, whether of irony or shyness—for Mr. Belasco is exceedingly diffident, adverse to meeting strangers—wonders which at first. Yet it would scarcely seem either. He comes forward to meet life from every possible angle, yet when alone with himself one knows that back David Belasco slips into that realm in which is the real world,—the realm of his art, his work, his thought, and deeper yet into the mysterious region which lies beyond the experimental, the pragmatic—the mystic pale whose symbols are hidden knowledge, intuition, and prophetic insight.

And David Belasco is not yet finished thinking, writing, producing. We look to him for still greater things.

# BRUNSWICK

## Exclusive Artists

*Number Four of a Series*



BRONISLAW HUBERMAN  
*Violinist*

His present American tour is proving one of the great sensations of the season. Recently more than eight thousand people crowded the New York Hippodrome to hear him. He has divided the world of critics into two parts—those who say he is the greatest violinist of all time, and those who say he is just one of the greatest. Like other great artists of today, Huberman records exclusively for Brunswick. His notable new releases may now be heard at any Brunswick dealer's.

*Brunswick Records Can Be Played On Any Phonograph*





*"Yes, Jerry, I know your car is more comfortable, but on these slippery roads I'd rather ride on Dick's Kelly-Springfield Cords."*

**K**ELLY Kant-Slip Cords are not only a remarkable achievement in non-skid tires; but in addition to their ability to hold the road, they deliver the long, uninterrupted mileage for which Kelly Tires have always been noted. Also, Kellys now cost no more than many other tires that have never had the Kelly reputation.



## Have You Begun Molding Youth Into Your Face?

**Y**OU can, you know—you can capture and keep youth. You can mold up the sagging facial muscles, you can mold away puffiness and lines, in a really scientific way by devoting five minutes a day to a Face Molding Treatment. You can keep the face young and the skin clear and fresh.

The Face Molding Treatment goes deep under the skin—like all beauty. A petal-like skin on weary muscles—the very idea is preposterous; it lies unhappy and wrinkled like a stretched sweater. No, we work the muscles under the skin—we make and keep them young and strong and firm, and then the skin.

The trained nurses at Primrose House do it for you there. And if you can't come in—you can do it yourself at home with the help of the New Beauty Face Molder.

**New Beauty Face Molder:** This is a unique appliance just patented to mold the facial muscles. It brings to your own home the skill of the operator. After you have tried it you will realize why women everywhere are enthusiastic about it. With the Face Molder comes a small bottle of Balsam Astringent. \$7.50.

With the Face Molder you will need Face Molding Cream and Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream.

**Face Molding Cream:** This is an entirely new cream with a new purpose. It will stimulate the muscles under your skin to a healthy vigor and a youthful firmness.

This cream is the medium for the famous Primrose House Face Molding Treatment. There is nothing like it anywhere else. Three sizes, \$1.25, \$3.00, \$5.00.

**Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream:** Use Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream regularly every day when you go to bed—and as many times as your skin needs to be cleaned. It will leave your skin scrupulously clean and with the fresh fragrance of real rose leaves. Three sizes. \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.50.

With these preparations we will send you a chart showing you just how to follow the lines of the muscles in your molding to get the best results.

Primrose House preparations are also on sale at: R. H. Stearns Co., Boston; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Harris-Emery Co., Des Moines; Rorabaugh-Brown Dry Goods Co., Oklahoma City; Carol Inc., Milwaukee.

**Primrose House Motor Kit:** To take care of the woman who wants to enjoy motoring to the fullest without any bad after effects on hands and complexion, we have planned the Motor Kit. Here is a handy little box, fitted out with just those beauty aids which the motorist needs: Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Smoothskin Cream, Skin Freshener, Pomegranate Rouge, and Chiffon Powder. The box is so smart in its black and vermilion cover that it delights the eye as well as the heart. \$14.00.

**Porefiner:** After a winter in steam-heated rooms the delicate pores of the face are so apt to have become relaxed—unsightly. Porefiner Cream will reduce the pores and make the skin fine. It refines the skin and relieves a tendency to superfluous oil and blackheads. Porefiner cannot clog the pores. \$1.25.

**Petal Bloom:** Don't wait until summer suns play havoc with your skin, but start now to protect it with Petal Bloom—a delicate liquid powder that gives the skin the silken softness of a flower petal and keeps it so in spite of sun and wind. Petal Bloom may be used alone or as a powder base. \$1.50.



ELSIE WATERBURY MORRIS

# PRIMROSE HOUSE

3 East 52nd Street

Gallery H

New York

## MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 262)

ceed, in spite of the play's manifest unreality, in imparting some touch of life to the characters of the sentimentalist and her weak brother respectively. Miss Yurka's presence in the cast is another contributing factor in making one believe that the play will disclose something of flavor or interest. This rare artist has still to find the vehicle she deserves. A little lady named Marguerite Maxwell wriggles and squirms and is singularly unnatural, but withal shows possibilities of no small talent. It is in such cases as hers that the potent factor of fine direction becomes apparent, a direction which can strip a talented youngster of faulty ideas and hew down to the bare bone of an innate artistic gift and personality. "Tricks," imitation and bad direction are primarily responsible for the quantity of bad acting done by inherently good actors on the American stage today.

William Courtenay, who once again fleets across three whole acts as a dinner-jacketed bank bandit, is no worse and no better than usual.

**BELMONT.** "MONTMARTRE." Play in 4 acts from the French of Pierre Frondaie. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Produced Feb. 13, with this cast:

|                    |                 |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| Henri              | James Meighan   |
| Simonne            | Mabel Frenyear  |
| Eve-Adam           | Doris Kelton    |
| Suzanne            | Rose Winter     |
| Gaston Logerue     | Frank Doane     |
| Gabrielle Montinet | Lucille Wall    |
| Elaine de Morennes | Mae Hopkins     |
| Pierre Marechal    | Arthur Hohl     |
| Jean Tavernier     | Brandon Hurst   |
| Marie-Claire       | Galina Kopernak |
| Camille            | Helen Lowell    |
| Parmain            | John Anthony    |
| Charlotte          | Helen Ware      |

**T**HE Players Assembly, a group of conscientious and unemployed artists, have banded together in a co-operative effort the result of which is seen in the production of "Montmartre," a comedy which contributes little of either thought or entertainment as done at the Belmont. To cram on to the limited stage of the latter playhouse some several dozen actors and actresses does more to call to mind the state of employment on Broadway than to suggest the gay crowds that frequent the pleasure palaces on the Butte. The play tells the story of a typical Montmartroise who, taken as mistress by a serious young man who places her on a pedestal to which she is not entitled, proceeds to desert his quiet and uneventful bed and board for the oh oh-lalas of her native habitat. The outstanding features of the performance were interesting—admirable work was done at times by a young Russian actress named Galina Kopernak in the role of the girl who hears the call of the

wild places and returns to them, and Clarke Silvernail, the director, handled his large cast with surprising realistic effect, if one stops to consider the size of his scene of operations.

**SELWYN.** "THE BLUE KITTEN" Play in 3 acts, adapted from a French book, by Otto Harbach. William Cary Duncan. Music by Rudolph Friml. Produced Jan. 13, with this cast:

|                       |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Louis                 | Bill Hawkins      |
| Giglain               | Victor Morley     |
| Theodore Vanderpop    | Joseph Cawthorn   |
| Durand                | George Le Soir    |
| Octave                | Robert Woolsey    |
| Fifi                  | Betty Barlow      |
| Cri Cri               | Marion Sunshine   |
| Marcelle              | Carolla Parsons   |
| Totoche               | Lillian Lorraine  |
| Armand Duvelin        | Douglas Stevenson |
| Mme. Lucile Vanderpop | Jean Newcombe     |
| Madeleine Vanderpop   | Lorraine Manville |
| Popinet               | Dallas Welford    |

**B**ACK TO THE STAGE" would be an equally good title for the new musical offering of Arthur Hammerstein's which features, as I gather it—or, rather, as I saw it—the regions of Miss Lillian Lorraine. The experts have it that, as such, they are extraordinarily fine regions altogether—or should I say in t altogether—the subject is one that cannot be expected to discuss in family journal. Let us merely that Miss Lorraine returns to Broadway after a long and lingering stay in a plaster cast, resulting from a fall which is said to have broken her spine, and that I am glad to be able to report that no section of Miss Lorraine's spine appears to be broken.

The rest of the entertainment is unnoteworthy. Some dull music by Signor Friml and an unamusing adaptation of an exceedingly happy French farce, "Le Chasseur de chez Maxim" gives such expert artists as Joseph Cawthorn, Marion Sunshine and Dallas Welford little to play with. The settings are attractive and dances, staged by Julian Mitchell and Leon Errol, are excellent.

**SHUBERT.** "PINS AND NEEDLES" Revue in 2 acts, by Albert de Courville, Val Fish and Edgar Wallace. Music by James Hawley and Frederic Chappell. Produced Feb. 1, with these principals:

Jack Morrison, Rupert Hazell, Ewald Scott, Pamela Leroy, Mimi Verom, Lillian Smith, Amy Verity, Jimmy Nervo, Geneva Marlowe, Alice Pollard, Marie Phillips, Teddy Knox, Jane Taylor, Harry Pilcer, Edith Kelly Gould, Maisie Gay.

**I**T was Maisie Gay who saved the day. Had it not been for her infectious comedy she so generously dispensed, all the other members of Albert de Courville's English

(Continued on page 266)

# Her First Scenario Was Bought By D. W. Griffith

And she won the first cash prize of \$2,500 in the J. Parker Read contest against a field of 10,000 scenarios

Frances White Elijah learned how to transfer her creative imagination to the screen. Will you send for a free test of *your* ability?



**W**HEN Frances White Elijah was doing war work in her Chicago home, she never imagined she would become a successful photoplaywright.

What reason had she to think she would ever write such a letter as this to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation:

*"I have just received your check in payment for my story 'Wagered Love,' which your sales department sold to D. W. Griffith.*

*"It has scarcely been six months since I registered with you and your assistance and encouragement have made my success seem like magic.*

Think what that means! Her first scenario sold to one of the most discriminating producers in the world, and she had only started to train her story-telling gift six months before!

Stimulated by her brilliant success, this Chicago girl developed herself into a professional screen writer for a great Los Angeles studio. Today she enjoys fame and income; and the distinction of having written the best of 10,000 scenarios submitted in the J. Parker Read contest.

What does this story mean to you? If it uses you to ask yourself "Could I sell a story to Griffith—or Ince—or any of the producers?" this will prove the most interesting advertisement you ever read.

Perhaps you could do that very thing

the outset, let us correct one false notion many people have. Literary skill, or the writing style required for novel and magazine authorship, cannot be transferred to the screen. The one and only requisite of photoplay writing is ability to think out and tell a good,

dramatic story. Given that ability, *any man or woman can be trained to write for the screen.*

But, you say, how can I know whether I have that ability?

To answer that question is the purpose of this advertisement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly apply to you a scientific test of story-telling ability, provided you are an adult and in earnest. And we shall do it free.

## Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story-telling instinct, if you have ever said to yourself when you left a motion picture theatre: "I believe I could write as good a screen-story as that," send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you; have no fear. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to *sell photoplays*. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell. It holds out no false promise to those who can never succeed.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to develop the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on. Producers are glad

to pay from \$500 to \$2,000 for good original scenarios.

## It is the story tellers opportunity

The same producer who bought Frances White Elijah's first story has rejected the work of scores of novelists and magazine writers whose names are known wherever the language is spoken. They did not possess the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Elijah, who was absolutely unknown to the motion picture industry, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we can discover it, if it exists, through our questionnaire. And we can train you to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

## We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to be prompt in returning the completed test for examination. If you pass the test, we shall send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we shall frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

This questionnaire will take only a little of your time. It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below—and do it now before you forget.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

# KOTEX



## To Guard Against Emergencies

KOTEX are of great importance in the toilet essentials of modern women. They are large, perfectly absorbent sanitary pads which warrant the forming of a new and comfortable sanitary habit, and change an ancient custom. There is nothing to launder and Kotex are otherwise preferable to old fashioned birdseye.

Kotex are inexpensive—cheap enough to throw away and easy to dispose of instantly by following simple directions enclosed in every box.

Kotex are easy to buy. Kotex has made it possible to ask for sanitary pads with no more unwelcome counter conversation than is occasioned in the purchase of hair nets or soap. It comes in Regular Size and Hospital Size. The Hospital Size is extra large,

Stores and shops that cater to women sell Kotex. From New York to San Francisco. Everywhere. Drygoods, department and drug stores.

Ask by name for Kotex—"A box of Kotex, please".

Cellucotton Products Co., 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago  
New York: 51 Chambers St. Factories: Neenah, Wis.



Regular Size  
12 in box

Hospital Size  
6 in box  
(extra large)

Samples of either size, mailed in plain wrapper for 10c.



Kotex cabinets are now being installed in women's rest-rooms everywhere—hotels, office buildings, restaurants, theatres and other places—from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, in plain wrapper, for 10 cents.

INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

## MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 264)

pany would have been unable to make "Pins and Needles" thoroughly amusing. For "Pins and Needles," according to the belated, but regretful announcement of Albert de Courville himself, opened before it was ready to open; its scenery scattered on the high seas; its players not yet acclimated to local stage conditions. The performance opened with what was supposed to represent a poor rehearsal of another musical comedy and the audience was never able to get over the impression that the whole production was merely a dress rehearsal and a tedious one at that.

About half way through the first act appeared the featured performers, Edith Kelly Gould and Harry Pilcer, both sensationally prominent for diverse exploits on the English and the French stage. The dancing abilities of Mr. Pilcer are known here, but not forgotten, and the general opinion was that he is not dancing as well as he used to dance. Miss Gould is an attractive person, with wondrous teeth and dapper limbs, but her ability is not of the superlative sort. But Maisie Gay's sense of comedy has superlative excellence; her characterizations in one act skits, her monologues and her general contributions to the evening's activities brought forth many a hearty laugh.

Very funny also were the antics of two expert acrobats who burlesqued the various feature dances and executed many perilous tumbles, flip flops and turns. Mention should be made also of a skit called "The Rest Cure," which recalled many of the bright moments in Irvin S. Cobb's "Speaking of Operations" and which satirized with a good deal of aptness, the vicissitudes of the average hospital patient. Among those who gave conscientious service were Jack Morrison, as a troubled manager, Rupert Hazell, and a sweet singer, Jane Taylor. The one scenic novelty of the play was the transformation at the close of act one which became a sumptuous and brilliant land of trees, flowers and handsomely attired choristers.

PROVINCETOWN THEATRE.  
"MR. FAUST." Play in 4 acts, by Arthur Davison Ficke. Produced January 30, with this cast:

|                |               |
|----------------|---------------|
| Brander        | Byron Foulger |
| Oldham         | Robert Bell   |
| Mr. Faust      | Maurice Brown |
| The Butler     | Jack Gude     |
| Nicholas Satan | Moroni Olsen  |
| The Holy One   | Henry O'Neill |
| Midge          | Janet Young   |
| The Doctor     | Harold McGee  |

TO fill in the time between two of their own productions, The Provincetown Players presented for a season of two weeks the Repertory Company of Maurice Browne and

Ellen van Volkenburg in "Mr. Faust" a play by Arthur Davison Ficke. It is a curious affair in blank verse and the somewhat pompous and wordy lines sound incongruous and strange falling from the lips of people of the present day.

The story is a version of the Faust legend; but Mr. Faust is in this case a very different man from Goethe's hero, being a shrewd, sophisticated, up-to-date New York who, though making a pact with Satan, trusts him not one whit, and outwits him in the end.

Mr. Ficke has much more of the poetic than the dramatic sense, and while there are some moments of intense interest where the ideas are clearly expressed, there are moments where they are vague and where the action drags sadly. For this blame can accrue to the members of the cast, who are at least competent throughout; while especially excellent work is done by Moroni Olsen as Satan, Maurice Browne as Mr. Faust, and Byron Foulger as Brander.

There are some praiseworthy settings—notably those of the Indian Temple and the Gothic Cathedral by Olson Throckmorton.

LYRIC. "UP IN THE CLOUDS" Play in 2 acts. Book by Will Johnstone, music by Tom Johnstone. Produced January 2, with this cast:

|                   |                               |
|-------------------|-------------------------------|
| Archie Dawson     | Hal Van Rensselaer            |
| Curtis Dawson     | Walter Walker                 |
| Betty Dawson      | Florence Hedge                |
| Ferdie Simpson    | Mark Smith                    |
| Jeffreys          | Page Spence                   |
| Ruby Airedale     | Gertrude O'Connell            |
| Millicent Towne   | Gladys Coburn                 |
| Bud Usher         | Skeet Gallagher               |
| Louise            | June Robert                   |
| J. Herbert Blake  | William N. Baile              |
| Jean Jones        | Grace Moore                   |
| Gypsy Venus       | Dorothy Smollett              |
| Gerald            | Angelo Rome                   |
| Premiere Danseuse | June Robert                   |
| Character Dancer  | Arthur Core                   |
| Classical Dancers |                               |
|                   | Melissa Ten Eyck and Max Weil |

REDOLENT with staleness and tuneless tunes, there is nothing in "Up in the Clouds" to incline to recommend it to anyone. Not even an artificial pep, originating solely out of the youth and enthusiasm of the cast, can conceal or condone the dullness of the book and the want of distinction in the music. Add to which some very bad scenery and some worse costumes and behold show for the being of which I find no reason whatever.

The only silver lining I could perceive in "Up in the Clouds" was the appearance of a young lady named Grace Moore, possessed of so charming a voice and being so easy to look upon, as to make prophecies concerning her career on the musical stage mere child's play. Miss Moore (Concluded on page 268)



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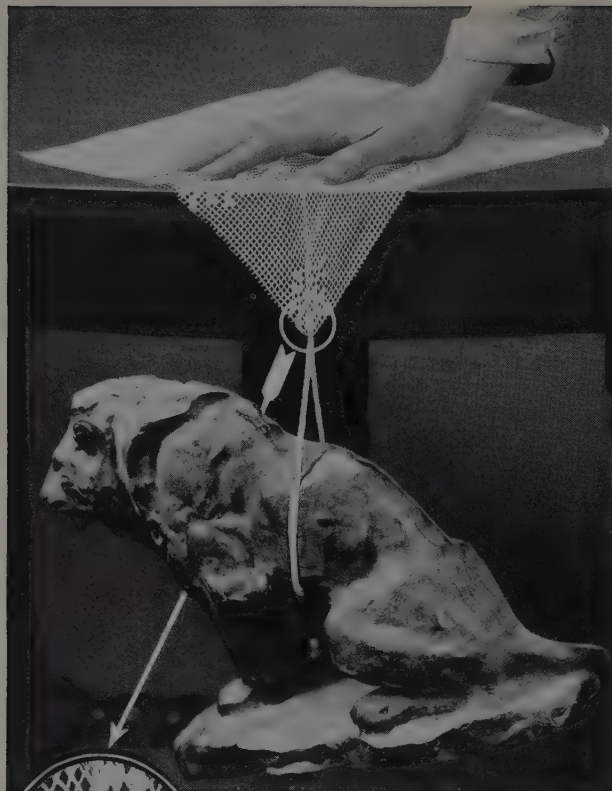
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AND THERE ONLY.

## MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded on page 260)

hands still wave a bit awkwardly, and there are traces of the amateur that peer through from time to time. Better that, say I, with charm and graciousness of manner, than the more usual hard-boiled perfection customary in the song-and-dance sorority.

**BROADHURST.** "MARJOLAINE." Musical play adapted from "Pomander Walk." Music by Hugo Felix. Book by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Produced Jan. 24:

**W**INSOME but windy is "Marjolaine" a musical version of that comedy of perfumed memory, "Pomander Walk," recently come to town under the chaperonage of a new producer. Without Peggy

Wood, Mary Hall and Lennox Pawl this orchestrated revival of Louis J. Parker's masterpiece would be due indeed, burdened as it is with an unassuming book, an unending chain of uncomic comic scenes, and a host of dull middle-aged romances. But with those artists and uncommonly pretty music and a gay set of the five little houses and the "gazebo," if that's the way to spell it—"Marjolaine" takes rank, for all its windiness, as a charming operetta that pleases well enough those discriminating critics, the eye and the ear. Certainly it is miles ahead of the usual horrible "musical comedy." With a little cutting and a few modern jests it would be very well worth seeing indeed.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

(Concluded from page 240)

Irma and their companies. In costumes and scenic investment they have been lavish and artistic, and the young man who is billed as "The Only Leon" has caught the town with his wonderful singing, acting and impersonations of the characters that the French prima donnas have made famous.

The company includes Joseph Murphy, "Billy" Emerson, Edwin Kelly, Francis Leon, J. F. Oberist, The Guy Family and others.

Little Elise Holt from London also appeared at 720, in "Lucretia Borgia," with James Lewis as Lucretia, a screamingly funny performance,—Miss Holt as Gennaro and Harry Wall as the Duke. 'Twas worth going to hear "Duke, something hurts your heart—

I see you frown!"

"'Tis not my heart that's bad—

It's lower down!"

Elise Holt is also popularizing the songs, "Those Tassels on her Boots," and "Come and Be a Member of the Rollicking Rams!" I saw a circular issued regarding Miss Holt's benefit, which said "Gifts of flowers can be sent to the theatre. Hampers of Game, Confectionery, etc., should be sent to Miss Holt's hotel."

Did you ever? Is not America "Tom Tiddler's Ground?"

At 728 Broadway, Lucy Rushton an English actress is doing "Valiant Valentine" in an old church, but the public doesn't seem to like the mixture of church and stage.

Those good actors, Mark Smith and Lewis Baker, are to rejuvenate the house and call it the New York Thea-

tre. They will present "Under the Gaslight" by Augustin Daly (his second New York production, the first being "Leah the Forsaken" for Kate Bateman) with George Clarke, Wells Edwards, Sydney Cowell, Mr. Wright, Rose Eytinge, John K. Mortimer, Charles T. Parsloe, Harry Rayner and others, featuring a very sensational "railroad scene."

Rose Eytinge married George Butler our Consul to Egypt, where she was adored by the natives as a potentate of the first rank. A friend asked her how she enjoyed her almost royal state, and she replied:

"Why, it doesn't affect me at all. You see I have played so many different parts upon the stage, that I simply look upon my present position as just another character that I am impersonating."

At the Theatre Comique, 514 Broadway, The Lingards, William Horae, Alice Dunning and "Dickie" are giving Farnie's burlesque of "Pluto," and "The Lingard Sketches." As "Orphus" in the burlesque, Alice Dunning is a gorgeous vision, by all odds the handsomest English actress we have yet seen here. "Dickie," her sister, to marry the Hon. Davison Dalzell, member of Parliament!

Mr. Lingard's sketches—"On the Beach at Long Branch," "The Dutch Onion Vender," "Captain Jinks" and "Walking Down Broadway" have been hard, though both words and music are very poor. But Lingard is an artist, who can skate triumphantly over very thin ice!

### A CORRECTION.

In our March issue the frontispiece photograph of Richard Bennett as the clown in the Theatre Guild's production of "He Who Gets Slapped,"

was wrongly credited to Abbe. The credit rightfully belongs to Marc Stein, the well-known photographer of New York.



# Dustin Farnum writes—



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Los Angeles ~ California

Sept. 1, 1921

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*Dustin Farnum*



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## Community Dramatics

(Continued from page 248)

winter by various groups: The Matinecock Players of Locust Valley, Great Neck Community Church Sunday School, Matinecock Neighborhood Association, Rockville Center, Three Arts Club of Oyster Bay, Manhasset Dramatic Club and many others. A dramatic exhibit held by the League at the last County Fair comprised various types of costumes and literature on the drama. A number of Christmas entertainments, under its auspices, were successfully produced, notably those given for the Nassau County Tuberculosis Sanatorium, for the Polish Club celebration at Glen Cove, and the production of Rosamond Kimball's "Nativity" in Locust Valley.

The League has been organized on so practical a plan that any time any church, club, school, village or town in Nassau County wants an entertainment of any sort—a soloist, reader, pianist, orchestra, band, play, or even a dancing teacher,—a note or telephone message to Miss Sue Ann Wilson, Community Service, Incorporated, Garden City 876, will bring immediate response.

### The Fireside Players

(Continued from page 248)

**T**HE modernized acting version of this 15th Century miracle play, "The Second Shepherd's Play" of The Townley Cycle, was made by Gerald E. SeBoyar, a member of The Fireside Players, who also directed the play. It did not lose, in production, an iota of its rich human quality or its primitive character sense. The costumes, properties and staging were true to the period.

Practically all of the cast were college men and women who have more or less specialized in English Literature and Drama, and most of whom are engaged in educational work today in Westchester County. This rather specific contact with the 15th Century undoubtedly had no small part in helping these actors to realize and interpret the lines with such zest and humor and to live the ancient characters so true. Percy M. Proctor, teacher of English of The Roger Ascham School; Charles Everett Moore, a lawyer; Matthew Gaffney, Head Master of The Roger Ascham School; Helen Hutchinson, James Holden and Elizabeth Odlin Whittemore, Radcliffe '10, comprised the cast. A production of special distinction was that of Eugene O'Neill's play, "Ile," directed by David Jacobson, with the following cast:

|                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| The Steward        | Glenn M. Kelly     |
| Ben, the Cabin Boy | James Holden       |
| Captain Keeney     | Walter P. McIntosh |
| Slocum Second Mate | Leslie L. Hall     |
| Mrs. Keeney        | Doretta Klaber     |
| Joe, a Harpooner   | Harold E. Vehslage |

**T**HE Fireside Players usually presented a bill of three one-act plays at their several performances each season, a tragedy, comedy and fantasy. Accordingly, they always give two other plays in addition to the play continuing the historic cycle. On the evening of the production of "The Second Shepherd's Play," early in December, they also gave "The Medicine Show," by Stuart Walker, and "Torches," by Kenneth Raisbeck. Judge Stephen Holden, William B. A. Taylor and J. O. Coit made up the cast in "The Medicine Show," and the play was directed by Warran L. Ives.

"Torches" was directed by Blanche H. Lamb. The setting was beautiful,—evening on an upper terrace of a Florentine Castle in the Fifteenth Century. Every color and detail, scenery, furniture, robes, musical instruments, was in perfect accord with the exquisitely picturesque and romantic quality of the play. The cast was comprised of Elizabeth M. Clark, G. F. Michelbacher, James W. Wallace, Judith H. Goldsmith, Laurence H. Duggan. The rich, deep blue of the Italian sky was emphasized by the dome and the new lighting effects devised and operated by Mr. Manvel Whittemore. All of the productions of The Fireside Players are given in the White Plains Meeting House, whose stage they equipped. Its dome is similar to that in the theatre of the Provincetown Players. The organization plan is essentially democratic, the subscription list being open to everyone. Membership dues are \$1.00 per year. Tickets are \$1.00 for each performance and they are sold at the door as well as by subscription. Anyone may qualify for membership in the players' group by doing some specific work in producing. The Fireside Players has paid its own way right along from the beginning. Its community values are strictly kept.

No outside help from any quarter has ever come to this White Plains venture. The little group of earnest, gifted and forward-looking players have felt their own way along and, making for wide horizons, are even now blazing the trail for other amateur groups. Every man and woman of them is a worker,—a worker, a student and an idealist. The workshop is under the direction of Isabel E. Levy, a pupil of Norman Bel Geddes. The Producing Committee is comprised of Manvel Whittemore, Lighting; Eugene H. Klaber, Scenery; L. L. Hall, Stage Manager; Mary S. W. Lippincott, Costumes; James W. Wallace, Make-up; Edna G. Buttolph, Music; Kenneth F. Clark, Publicity.



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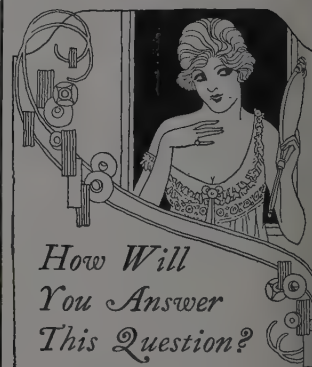
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## WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT IT

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

I wish to offer you my congratulations on the high standard of your publication. I have been a constant reader for five years and I would not be without it. It is indispensable for any follower of our present day drama. Mr. Hornblow's editorials are splendid and I am hoping to see many more of the same style as those of the past few months.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD RIZER MURPHY.

Athens, Ohio, Feb. 25.

## STAGE TRIVIAL AND BASE

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

Your editorial in this month's THEATRE MAGAZINE is one I can entirely approve. You have stated the case of the stage and picture screen as the trained and accurate observer, and your protest has especial weight from the fact that you are in the midst of the problems involved and better informed than any reformer of the theoretical sort could possibly be. I hope you will keep up the fight. I intend to take a hand myself, but I can do so only as a theatre-goer. Our stage this year has been not only trivial but base. As you so powerfully point out, the pornographic note is in almost every other play along the street. It is blazoned in the bill-boards, in the advertisements of the screen plays. Every decent citizen is sickened by this 'Art' which is based upon the degradation and exploitation of women.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

New York, Feb. 26.

## WISE AND SINCERE

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

There is no other single agent, in my opinion, that is doing more for the uplift of the American stage than the THEATRE MAGAZINE. I find, that for the high literary quality of its articles, for the artistic beauty of its illustrations, for the intelligence of its criticisms, and the wisdom and sincerity of its editorials, our magazine easily ranks as one of the finest periodicals in this country. I have been for some years an ardent reader of its pages, and thought I might take this opportunity of congratulating you, as editor of one of the noblest magazines of the day.

E. Q. D.

South Bend, Ind., Feb. 22.

## MUCH NEEDED CRUSADE

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

I wish to thank you for the splendid and courageous editorial on "The Red Lamp in the Theatre." It is a powerful beginning of a much-needed crusade against one of the evils of the present day. I am a subscriber and have been since 1901.

MRS. HART.

Boston, Feb. 21.

## WILL THANK "THEATRE"

To the Editor the THEATRE:

I have read recently, with a great deal of interest, your fine editorials on the need of an endowed or repertory theatre. You have stated the case very explicitly, very expertly. In fact, I have never known the arguments for an institution of the kind better put. All success to your campaign!

If ever the present low standard of our stage is raised, and the dream of a Repertory Theatre is realized, it will be the THEATRE MAGAZINE we shall have to thank.

CARLETON CHAMBERS.

New York, Feb. 28.

## CENSURE AND PRAISE

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

Having been a subscriber to your interesting publication ever since its first number, I think I may be permitted to make a few remarks by way of friendly criticism. I may say at once, that the good points of your magazine far outnumber the bad ones, which are bad only in a relative sense.

I refer particularly to the space you give to motion pictures. The movies may be all right in their way, but they have little in common with art—at least in their present stage of development—and I don't think a magazine purporting to further the highest aims of the theatre, should waste time or space on them. I also do not care for some of the articles you publish—especially those supposed to be humorous. They are out of place in a publication of your high character.

I like Mr. Hornblow's criticisms, especially his editorials—which are forcible and to the point—and I look forward to the excerpts from the play of the month. I like Tony Sarg's cartoons. I greatly prefer your new covers to your former ones. They add greatly to the general attractiveness of the magazine.

I read the THEATRE because I'm a theatre-goer. But even if I never went to the theatre, I don't think I could be without the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

CARLOTTA EVANS.

Poughkeepsie, March 1.

## CLEAN THE AUGEAN STABLES

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

I am heartily in accord with your views on "The Red Lamp in the Theatre," and hope that your plea for a cleaner theatre will awaken some response from the managerial office. Keep up the good work—it takes a lot of noise to reach some ears.

A cleaner theatre and a repertory theatre—those are the things we need. Your editorial in the February issue entitled "Drive the Money Changers Out" is especially interesting.

With sincere good wishes for the success of your crusade,

ELMIRA JONES.

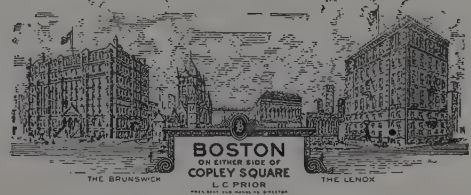
Trenton, N. J., February 28.



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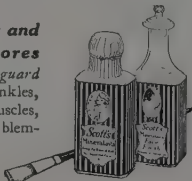
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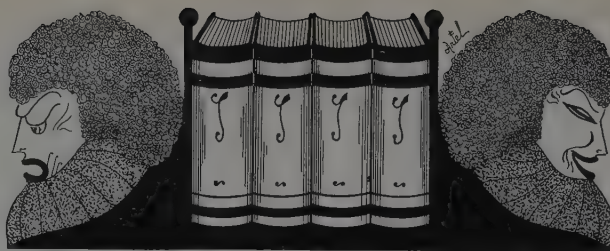
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## Books

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AS a companion to a former volume of "Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors," Little, Brown & Co. have just published "Representative One-Act Plays by British and Irish Authors," an admirable selection of which, it seems to us, has been made by Barret H. Clark. This volume of twenty plays is rich in material for the prospective dramatist and student of the theatre, or for those "going in" for Little Theatre producing. Likewise it would be a distinct addition to the library of anyone interested in dramatic art.

There is Wilde's famous—rather infamous—"Salome", so much in the public eye at present through Mary Garden's marvellous impersonation. There are the almost equally well-known—if to a somewhat different type of audience—"Golden Doom of Dunsany," "Land of Hearts' Desire" by Yeats, and "Riders to the Sea" of Synge. There is that delicious "Snow Man" of Laurence Housman, author of "Prunella," and Stanley Houghton's little gem, "Fancy Free," which we should characterize as amateur-proof. If one is not familiar with these plays as well as the rest of the twenty, in this new collection, we distinctly feel they should be.

AN extremely interesting small volume put out by the Macmillan Company that has come to our notice is the "Four Plays for Dancers" by W. B. Yeats, "with designs for masks and costumes by Edmond Dulac," and notes concerning incidental music. Dulac himself has composed the melodies for the first play, "At the Hawk's Well" with helpful suggestions on the instruments to be used so that the music may "be in keeping with the idea of great simplicity of execution underlying the whole spirit of the performance."

The opening sentence descriptive of the setting for "At the Hawk's Well" and "The Only Jealousy of Emer," to wit "the stage is any bare space before the wall against which stands a patterned screen" promises admirably for ease of production, as do the descriptions for the lighting arrangements. In addition to giving the setting, Mr. Yeats has added at the back of the book, explanatory notes

to all the plays written in a charming informal style,—will they both forgive us if we say a bit in the manner of the Shavian prefaces, though infinitely shorter. These help create the atmosphere, and are entertaining to read, even if one has not production definitely in mind.

Macmillan also publish a book of "One-Act Plays" by Alice Brown, several of which have been offered by little theatre companies. The extremely humorous "Joint Owners in Spain" is one of these . . . another is "The Hero," successfully given by Stuart Walker . . . and we personally remember an attention-compelling performance of "The Sugar House" given back in their Comedy Theatre days by the Washington Square Players, with Marjorie Vonnegut, and Arthur Hohl and Erskine Sanford (who, come to later fame, is now "passing by" on the road as "Mr. Pim") taking the main roles.

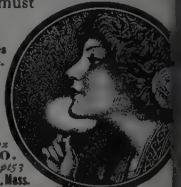
A BOOK that we think comes under our sub-heading of "those concerned with stage production" is Thomas Beers' "The Fair Rewards," just off the press from Alfred A. Knopf. Though this is a novel, still it is distinctly concerned with the theatre, and somewhat out of the ordinary run of those given us in the past by American writers. Mark Walling, the hero, is first actor and then successful producer. And we believe speculation is rife on Broadway, with those who have read the book, as to whether a portrait of any of our well-known managers was intended. "The Fair Rewards" can be recommended for "atmosphere." It covers the time from the opening of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the old Lyceum—when Carlson, Walling's partner, "attended the opening night" . . . "fainted during the second act and was revived with brandy in Mr. Frohman's office"—to the recent success of the "The Jest" at the Plymouth. It is pleasing and lends verisimilitude, that Mr. Beers introduces here and there real, instead of imitation, names—the first one to do so in just this way—and Anna Held and Mrs. LeMoine and Arthur Hopkins appear in his pages, along with the late Clyde Fitch "walking silently on his trim feet."

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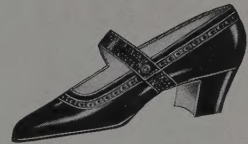
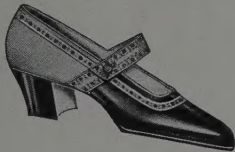
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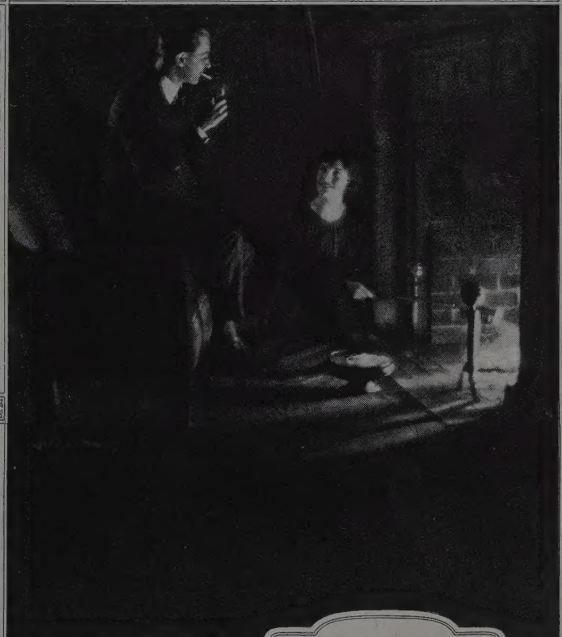
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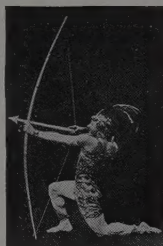
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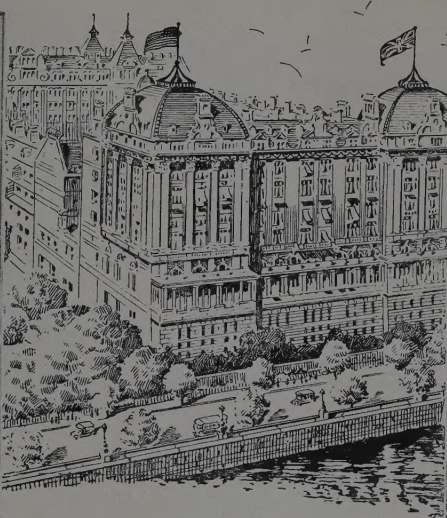
*(Continued from page 246)*

that "Stone upon stone" might go on repeated rhythmically like the blows of the mallets right through the line, "Build toward bending skies"?

WHO but the youth Lysis have leaned against a pilaster with such indolent grace? Who but Socrates, so aptly have shifted that gesture pointing toward God into a dropped finger, stirring eloquent of petty embroiled earthiness? And who but our director have thought to tip the balance far, far over with the host crowding all to one side to see the runners come again into view, so that afterward as if by momentum the host could then swing back again with the victor held high. Even the reactions of the audience did not fail us. Some people have thought we

should let the pageant end with the big ceremonial when Lysis dipping his torch to the flaming altar sped down to set alight the torches of the serried host of youths. But we waited instead to end it with Jefferson, lonely and spent, declaring for more delay and struggle and—the approximation of perfection of Garrara marble. I must have been right. The audience waited with us even a moment after that.

Then everybody went away and left the bowl of the amphitheatre white again under the stars. All that was left of THE SHADOW OF THE BUILDER was the rejected Corinthian capital, immovable, at the center of things. The University of Virginia had made its gesture.



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## Organizing A Community

## Playhouse

(Continued from page 247)

they can be made to forget caste distinctions through your community playhouse—one of its chief functions—it will prove a mighty leaven and distinctly worth while. But you may have some difficulty along these lines. If your community ideal is sincere, don't get faint-hearted. Be patient and persist! If you have real people—and people are real, if you can get at them—it will work out. The Pasadena organization did not develop full-anoplied. After four years, we still have a lot of problems.

THE thing to do is to get the meeting to organize itself into a community arts association, playhouse association or by whatever name it is deemed best to begin active existence—to become an entity, as it were. In Pasadena, general supervision of the organization is vested in a governing board of eleven members or directors. These break up into three groups. That the board be continuous, one group goes off each year, the director's term being three years. The board organizes itself, electing a president, vice-president, treasurer and secretary.

With us, regular meetings are held the second Thursday of each month. The board outlines the policy of the association and sees to it that this is carried out. It employs the staff; and on the flexibility and intelligence of these workers depends much of the success of community drama, because they must be patient, reasonable men and women who can meet and handle all sorts of volunteer workers, keep them good natured and inspire them to unselfish dependability. A good example will do much to achieve such results.

Getting down to the active operation of a community playhouse, it divides into two distinct activities. There are the producing end and the business side. You can't put on plays without incurring indebtedness, so that the two are interlocking though individual. For the best results, they should be handled separately.

Your producing director wants to be a trained expert, one who has had experience in putting on plays and knows the technical aspects of the work. This is essential. Some successful community directors have come over from the commercial theatre. But it does not follow because a man or woman has made good as a professional that he can succeed as a community director. There is all the difference in the world working with people on the payroll and those who volunteer their services. But this is a big story of its own.

IF the organization is to be a large one, sub-directors are necessary. In Pasadena we now have two assistants; but the first three years, there were none. A number of efficient committees must be named to assist the director. First: there is the costume committee, whose duty is to supervise wardrobe details; and as this is a community enterprise, it is desirable to get as much donated or loaned from time to time as possible. In a similar way, a production committee is charged with the responsibility of assembling properties and other details necessary for putting on plays. These committees can rotate on successive productions, so as not to make the work too heavy.

You should have an active membership committee to interest as many people as possible. In Pasadena, the active membership fee is one dollar a year. This entitles attendance at the monthly membership meetings and the annual meeting when officers are elected. We also have a Sustaining Membership at \$25 a year, the purpose of which is to provide a fund to meet any difference between box office receipts and operating expenses.

On the business side, the manager employed or appointed by the governing board is the head. It is his duty to "sell" the community playhouse to the people. He is a publicity expert. This department shall do everything to enlist the wholehearted support of the local newspapers. The manager must be backed up by an efficient ways and means committee, for self-evident purposes.

This general outline followed will result in an effective organization for the promotion of community drama. Since you are seeking to enlist the unselfish cooperation of the public-at-large, the human element enters in to the "N'th" degree.

Incorporation is desirable as it relieves individual liability and gives your organization legal standing and business dignity. Furthermore, there is added incentive to "keep on keeping on." You'll have to do this to succeed. You must not expect to be a success right "off the bat." It takes time to win the public. Build slowly but surely. "Line upon line, precept on precept!" Don't try to force so-called "highbrow" plays down the people's throats. Always remember you are appealing to all elements of the community, rather than to a specialized group—which distinguishes the community playhouse from the little or art theatre. Try to strike a happy medium. Then with a modicum of faith enduring you cannot fail.

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